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BIG O AND SIR GLORY:

OR,
"LEISURE TO LAUGH."

A COMEDY.—IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

"When I have leisure, I will laugh at the comical miscreant."

MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL'S LETTERS TO MR. STAUNTON, *Editor of the Dublin Morning Register*, dated 22d July, and 21st Aug. 1825.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A room at the Saracen's Head. An Attorney's Clerk ringing the bell.

CLERK. It is past eight, and the coach will be off. I wonder they are not come. *Enter Waiter.*

CLERK. Are there a lady and some gentlemen here to go for Dublin by the Liverpool coach?

WAITER. I'll inquire, Sir.

CLERK. Let me see (*pulling out a paper*), the witnesses to go from London, are, Anna Brodie, Mr. Thwaites, Squire Black-ball, Doctor Black, and Sir Glory; but, the latter will not come, and Bott Smith is to go over from Liverpool. Now, if

WAITER. (*Entering.*) No, Sir; except Mr. THWAITES, who is already in the coach. *[Exit Waiter.]*

CLERK. No! That's surprising. I hope the others do not mean to tread in the path of Glory! Ah, a, a, a, ah! If they do, they will give Cobbett "leisure to laugh," at any rate.

Re-enter Waiter, followed by Anna.

WAITER. The lady, Sir.

Enter Squire Black-ball and Doctor Black.

CLERK. Well, we have but a few minutes. Here are three of you, and, with Mr. Thwaites, who is already in the coach, you will have the whole inside to yourselves, which will very much please Mr. Docket, attorney for the defence, in Dublin, who, aware of the importance of your testimony, charged us to make you comfortable.

ANNA. If it will much please Mr. Docket, Sir, it does not at all please me, to ride in the same coach with Thwaites, a fellow that has, as it were, taken the bread out of my mouth, by stealing my privilege to superior stupidity and to abuse of Cobbett.

CLERK. I hope, Madam, that a trifling. . .

ANNA. What'd'ye mean, by trifling, Sir? It is no trifling matter to lose. .

BLACK-BALL. But, think of the cause, Madam.

ANNA. Cause, indeed! Don't tell me of the cause. Besides (*stopping her nose*), to be obliged to live in the same world with him is hard enough; what, then, must it be to live in the same coach. With a linendraper! Oh, no!

BL-BALL. Pray, Madam, consider the great cause.

ANNA. You, Sir, may think him fit company for you, I do not think him such for me, who am, "notwithstanding my coverture," joint heiress to the broadest sheet in the known world, and who. . .

BL-BALL. None of your airs, Madam. Am not I Lord of the Manor of Moonshine, and did not my ancestors fight and bleed in the....

DR. BLACK. (*Aside.*) That is more than their descendant will.

CLERK. For God's sake, Madam! The coach is just going; this is Sunday, the consultation is to be on Wednesday, the trial will take place in a few days after, and what will Mr. Docket think of....

Enter Guard.

GUARD. Quite ready, ladies and gentlemen. [*Exit Guard.*]

CLERK. Pray, my dear Madam; do, Mada.... (*hears the horn*) for the love of....

ANNA. I'll not ride with THWAITES, that's flat; and, Sir, let me tell you that.... (*Here her voice is drowned in the rattling of the coach*)

CLERK. All's ruined! Mr. DOCKET will blame us, and we shall....

BL-BALL. Shall get us a postchaise, to be sure.

ANNA. (*Aside.*) Oh! the devil! That's jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

BL-BALL. Three can go in a postchaise, and that makes it come as cheap as by mail.

ANNA. Yes, Squire, but that is great crowding, and we have a long journey to go, and the weather is intensely hot.

DR. BLACK. That difficulty is already removed, Madam; for, it will be impossible for me to have the honour to attend the Consultation.

BL-BALL. What! not goo; and so ruin the cause?

DR. BLACK. I never promised to go, and I candidly told Mr. CAPIAS, in the presence of this young gentleman, that I could be of very little service if I were to go.

BL-BALL. Very little service! What, could not you *swear any thing* that came into your

ANNA. But (*to the Clerk*), where is Sir Glory? He and I could....

CLERK. Sir Glory would certainly have been here, Madam, agreeably to his promise; but has, he says, been, unluckily prevented by a "heavy fall of snow," as he once was from coming to a most important meeting at the Crown and Anchor, which had been called at his request.

ANNA. Snow! what, in August, and when I am all over in a swan of sweat! (*Wipes her face.*)

BL-BALL. Ah! d—n un: he's at his old tricks!

ANNA. I will not believe, that, if he had known *that I was going*, he would not have

CLERK. Here's his letter, Madam, that Mr. Capias received from him to-day.... (*Reads.*) "Sir, Though to have is to have a 40s. freehold in England, and to have one in Ireland is not to have one, to have a house over one's head in this snowy weather is really to have such house, and, therefore, I mean to keep close to mine till this heavy fall of snow is over. If, indeed, the "*wings*" would have borne us up, I would have *flown* across the channel, with all my heart; but, I am sure, that nobody will expect that I should venture on a *road* in this dreadfully deep snow. If the ass, as I once before said, knoweth his owner, and the ox his master's crib, surely man ought to know where his bones are in a state of the greatest security.—Always a friend of reform. "Yours, GLORY."

DR. BLACK and SQUIRE BL-BALL; Ah, a, a, a, ah! (*shaking their heads.*)

ANNA. It's a forgery!

CLERK. Madam?

BL-BALL. But, really, Doctor Black, do you mean not to goo! Has not Cobbett done enough to.....

DR. BLACK. Why, yes, to be sure, he has been very perverse; has insisted, that the churches were not built without hands; has denied

that Pitt and George the Third (under the guidance of Dundas) created England; has called in question the wisdom of expending taxes to prevent the Scotch from emigrating, while taxes were expended to cause the Irish and the English to emigrate; has encouraged the deluded people to go on procreating children, in spite of the Rev. Mr. MALTHUS, and my friend Mr. (not *Doctor*) MACCULLOCH, and the political economist, Peter THIMBLE, Esq. of the Rump; has insisted, that, if an Irish landlord draw away all the produce of his lands and give it to Frenchmen to eat, the Irish raisers of the produce are not so well off as if they had it to eat; has even denied, notwithstanding all my arguments to the contrary, that education, and particularly Scotch education, is all that is necessary to feed and clothe and warm and give health to a people: nay, he has done more; he has even denied that England was a barren, beggarly, barbarous country before it was enriched and enlightened by the Scots; and to crown all, he.....

Enter Porter, gives Dr. Black a letter, which he opens and begins to read to himself.

CLERK. Well, Madam, the chaise will conveniently serve you and the 'Squire here.

BL-BALL. Yes, Madam, I'll take you under my protection.

ANNA. I want no protection, Sir, I'm a married lady.

BL-BALL. So much the better, Madam; for I like.....

DR. BLACK. Now, positively, I cannot stir from this great metropolis of the empire; for here are my colleagues of the "London University," Mr. Brougham, Lord John Russell, Dr. Birkbeck and Mr. Macculloch, requiring my immediate presence at a deliberation as to the most effectual and speedy means of teaching the rising generation how to augment the capital of the empire "by watching the turn of the market."

[Exit Doctor Black.]

ANNA. Since that's the case, Sir (*to the Clerk*), I shall not, unless I hear from you again, go at all.

[Exit.]

BL-BALL. But, I shall tho', and I'll swear any thing that.....

CLERK. (*Aside.*) But not at our expense.

BL-BALL.you please, no matter what; so get me a chaise for myself.

CLERK. I must see Mr. Capias first, Sir, and then you shall hear from me.

[Exit.]

BL-BALL. What? Hear from him! What! All gone away! All deserters from the cause! I'm the unny man to stick to the cause; and I'll get to the consultation in spite of um. *[Exit, grinding his teeth.]*

SCENE II. DUBLIN.

COMMITTEE-ROOM OF THE "NEW ASSOCIATION."

Enter COUNSELLOR HOWITZER meeting COUNSELLOR BLUNDERBUSS.

HOWITZER. Phew! Intensely hot! *[pulling off his hat and wiping his face.]*

BLUNDERBUSS. And it will be hotter in a few minutes, when BIG O and PATRICK come; for, as I hear, the latter (and you know his pertinacity) is decidedly and intensely for letting judgment go by default.

HOWI. What! Make no defence at all for BIG O!

BLUND. That's his opinion; and, of course, that we may save ourselves the trouble of *settling a brief.*

HOWI. No defence at all! Let BIG O come down at one single shot from Cobbett's popgun?

BLUND. Not *one* shot, HOWITZER: not *one* shot: there were *two* shots, at any rate.

HOWI. But, *no defence?* Not even an attempt at a defence? That were an intense shame, and a disgrace to the entire Association.

BLUND. Oh! mind, I do not agree with PATRICK: I think that it is our sacred duty to stand to the last gasp by the intense and illustrious and super-human BIG O.

HOWI. How that may be I do not know; but, I know that it is our most sacred duty to *stand by ourselves*.

BLUND. You have hit it; for in this entire kingdom, there is not a spot, though but a yard square, except in the rooms of the Association, where either you, my friend, or I, should be suffered to harangue, I will not say for *a minute*, but certainly not for *two minutes*.

HOWI. Just so; and, therefore, I am for standing by BIG O, seeing that, if he fall, the melodious sound of our voices will never be heard again, except perhaps, in vain efforts to open the hand of charity.

BLUND. Horrid thought! Perish, rather, truth, honour, every feeling of shame, every sentiment of gratitude, and, as to the *Catholic religion*. . . . but, I will say no more of that; and welcome impudence, welcome lies, welcome

HOWI. You're right, you're right.

BLUND. Not that (*looking towards the door and lowering his voice*) BIG O merits any support at our hands for his own sake; for it is his intense vanity, his cormorant appetite for huzzas, his intense haste for *precedence*, his

HOWI. Intense love of everlasting talk, and

BLUND. As I was just going to say, his stupid arrogance and insolence, that led him to believe, that he could, with impunity, clap his own leaden "*wings*" on to the sides of the bishops, Doctors Doyle and Murray, and.

HOWI. Oh! insufferable and intense coxcomb, to think that he could, without being pummelled more than half to death, call Cobbett, and that, too, without any provocation, a "*foolish undergrowler*;" that very Cobbett, whom he had

BLUND. But, at any rate, prop him up we must, or down we all come altogether.

HOWI. Like merchants and bankers, who, long after they know the drawer to be insolvent, accept his accommodation bills, lest, by their refusal, they should bring him tumbling down upon themselves.

BLUND. Exactly; and, therefore, stand by him against PATRICK; who, by the bye, is there, at this moment, coming across the street, and, apparently, in none of the best of humours.

HOWI. Gruff's the word, then. Screw up your features.

BLUND. I'll warrant you I act my part, if you act yours.

Enter COUNSELLOR PATRICK.

BLUND. Ah! PAT. how do you, my boy. I am intensely rejoiced to see you looking so well and in such a pleasant mood.

HOWI. We have been expecting you with intense anxiety; for, something effectual for the complete defence of BIG O we must devise and put into this *brief*, which we are met to "*settle*."

PAT. Devise! *The facts, the facts*.

HOWI. What do you talk of *facts*, man? It is something to *say* that we are to find out, and not something that *is*.

PAT. But, to *say* something in defence, there must be something in. . . .

BLUND. My dear fellow, that by no means follows.

HOWI. You are, my dear PAT, got into a *non sequenter*.

PAT. Why, do you mean to say, that, without *facts*, you can.

BLUND. Yes, I do say so; and I'll stand to it.

HOWI. The case, my dear PATRICK, is this: the "*long services*,"

the "great sacrifices," of BIG O; the stability of the New Association; the honour of all its members; the just cause of the Catholics; the purity of the Catholic religion; all, every thing, all that is dear to the whole Catholic body, demand that we should *defend* the BIG O.

PAT. As to the justice of the Catholic cause, and the purity of the Catholic religion, they would be precisely what they now are, if BIG O were to die to-night. As to the stability of the Association, that must depend on its own deeds; and, as to the honour of its members, it will be best consulted by their inflexible adherence to truth in all that they shall say, and to honesty in all that they shall do. With regard to any thing which may relate personally to BIG O, I shall be silent, seeing that I shall so soon have an opportunity of speaking to his face.

HOWL. and BLUND. We shall have pretty work! (*Aside.*)

PAT. But, into *whose hands*, have you heard, is it intended to put this *brief*, if it should (contrary to my hope, I must confess) be resolved to offer a defence?

HOWL. Why, don't you know?

PAT. How should I? I have never been consulted until now.

BLUND. Guess.

HOWL. That he will never do, if you give him an age.

BLUND. 'Tis "Counsellor" BRICK!

PAT. "Counsellor" BRICK! What! that reporter to what BIG O used so justly and so often to call "the *basest* of all earthly things;" that *clerk* to BIG O, who used to receive the attorneys cap in hand, and, as he pocketed their shillings, used, like a true-bred huckster, to spit in his hand, *for luck*; that understrapper, that errand-bearer, that..

HOWL. and BLUND. It is a shame, indeed. (*Aside.*)

PAT. that fellow, who is much more like a great *sawyer* than a great *lawyer*,

HOWL. and BLUND. Ah, a, a, a, a, a, ah!

PAT. that hunky heap of stuff, which, apparently conscious of the aptness of the *name* to the matter, has cut off the final K! That pier, that jamb, that pile of rough brickwork, which seems to have been put up by drunken workmen, who, ashamed of their job, left it unpainted and unplastered, and, as it were in derision, to have taken a shovel of mortar, and therewith to have clapped a handful of unbroken bull's hair on its top!

HOWL. and BLUND. Ah, a, a, a, a, a, a, a, ah!

PAT. that walking heap of rubbish, which, in its excessive modesty, says, that it, "like Lord Redesdale, is a *stout* special pleader"; * that villanous lump, which seems to cry, as it goes, *stand clear of brickdust and dirt*, and, at the grave of which, the parson (for no priest will ever go) will certainly say, not "ashes to ashes," but brickbats to brickbats!

HOWL. & BLUND. Hear! hear! hear! hea... hush! hush! (*Aside.*)

Enter BIG O.

BIG O. You were cheering, my boys [*shakes hands heartily with Howitzer and Blunderbuss*]; I congratulate you with all my heart.

* Brick's Speech at Cork.

"A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,

"Mingling with apples in the throng,

"Said to the pippin, plump and prim,

"See, brother, how *we* apples swim." *Swift.*

Now, I most seriously declare my belief, that, as to all those points in which men differ from the brute creation, Brick is *farther* distant from Lord Redesdale than a ball of new-dropped horse's dung is from a Newtown pippin.

BLUND. Great Big O, your intense modesty would forbid you to do that, if you could be at all aware of the *cause* of that cheering.

BIG O. Aye! Come, say what it was.

HOWL. Oh, no! not in your presence.

BLUND. You would never forgive us for such a piece of flattery.

PAT. (*Aside.*) What can the sycophants mean!

BIG O. Come, come, I will have it, be it what it may.

BLUND. Why, then, since you insist upon it, here was but, you relate it, HOWITZER, for, really, I feel myself inadequate in point of calibre.

HOWL. Well, then, but you will never forgive us for such intense adulation.

PAT. (*Aside.*) What can he be going to say?

BIG O. (*In a half-angry tone.*) Come, man, don't trifle thus.

HOWL. Well, then, here was PATRICK, humbly endeavouring to describe to us the super-human eloquence of your talented and impassioned speech, at the late meeting, where, owing to the sudden death of a near and dear relative a-piece, we were, unhappily for us, unable to attend; and to participate in those feelings of intense and super-human delight, which, as PATRICK says, pervade

BIG O. (*Running across the room to Patrick, and seizing his hand.*) My dear friend, upon my conscience I did not see you before! And I am so intensely proud, thus to

HOWL. pervaded, he says, the entire meeting, and actually bereft it, for an entire ten minutes, of all its faculties, physical and moral. . .

BIG O. My dear Patrick! How could I ever suspect you of siding with that "*comical miscreant*," Cob

HOWL. ten minutes, did I say, it was, he said, for more than *twenty*, thus deprived of the use of all its faculties, physical as well as moral, and that.

BIG O. (*Looking, with a soft smile, at Patrick.*) Oh, no! My friend's intense partiality deceived him.

BLUND. Yes, yes; and, as Howitzer was going to say, that (you having, from intense modesty, retired) the entire of the eyes was fixed upon the spot where you had stood, while, in their intense, though silent, eloquence, they seemed to proclaim you a super-human lungs, if not a go—

BIG O. O fie; O fie, Mr. Blunderbuss, I must not hear this; this is going too far; this is impiety.

HOWL. I knew your intense modesty would not endure it. I beg pardon for what I have said. I was convinced that your piety would cut me short.

BIG O. But, since you have gone so far, let me know the full extent of their crime, that I may reprove them in due degree.

BLUND. Better not expose them thus to your high displeasure.

BIG O. You have done that already.

PAT. (*Aside.*) His cormorant stomach is not full even yet!

BLUND. 'Tis best to say no more about the.

BIG O. (*Hastily.*) I command you, then; for, I will know the extent of their impiety.

HOWL. Why, then, to confess the truth, one exclaimed, Cicero! another, Demosthenes! half a dozen at a time, "*super-human*" being! when "*Counsellor*" BRICK, in imitation of the attendants of ALEXANDER, cried aloud, and, seemingly, from far other than human lungs, "*A deity! a deity!*" And.

BIG O. (*Smiling.*) Ah, BRICK is partial!

HOWL. No, no; for, "*a deity! a deity!*" filled the room with its

echoes; till, at last, the chairs and tables began, like the beechen bowls of Baucis, to dance about in silent adoration; and, it was not until the super-human enthusiasm had communicated itself to the walls, and made them begin to shake, that.....

BIG O. What! the walls, did you say?

HOWI. Yes; and then.....

Enter "COUNSELLOR" BRICK.

BIG O. Ah, my dear fellow! Welcome, my faithful Brick; come, tell me all, how....

HOWI. (*Aside.*) The devil! what shall we do now?

BRICK. Tell you *what*, Counsellor?

BIG O. Why, you know..... the chairs and tables, you know.

PAT. (*Aside.*) He wants it over again: the dog to his vomit!

BRICK. (*Staring.*) O, yes, Counsellor; but.....

HOWI. (*Taking Big O aside.*) Pray do not press him; for we pledged our sacred honour that his name should not be mentioned.

BRICK. (*To Blunderbuss—Aside.*) What chairs and tables does the Counsellor mean?

BLUND. (*In a whisper.*) Only some intensely beautiful furniture that we said we had been looking at, as intensely suited for him when he shall become Lord Chancellor, and that we said we thought *you* had been looking at too.

BIG O. (*Still aside, to Howitzer.*) But, seeing that you have already broken that sacred pledge, I have an intense desire to hear from his own lips (albeit none of the thinnest, between you and me) the whole account of this super-human effect of.....

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. DOCKET, the Attorney.

BRICK. Oh! That's right: he has got the *brief*. Shall he come in, Counsellor?

BIG O. Presently. Now, BRICK, let me know exactly, and in minute detail, how the chairs and.....

HOWI. Had we not better see Mr. Docket first?

BLUND. Yes, and, after that, Mr. "Counsellor" Brick can.....

BRICK. Yes, we can talk of that aft.....

BIG O. (*Looking sternly at Brick.*) How! Do you dare.....

BRICK. (*Trembling.*) I beg pardon. [*Turns to the Servant.*] Do you hear, fellow! Tell Docket to wait.

PAT. (*Looking at his watch.*) Well, then, I see I must leave you, gentlemen; for, I have an appointment at three, and it is now past two.

BRICK. (*Aside to Big O.*) Let him go.

BIG O. (*Aside to Brick.*) No, man: we want *his sanction*; and I can assure you he is with us.

BLUND. Pray, Counsellor, let the chair and table business stay a little; for I am in intense haste to get at this "comical miscreant."

HOWI. And so am I.

BRICK. And, devil burn me, but so am I.

BLUND. (*Aside to Big O.*) And, while Patrick is in the mood, you know, let us secure his approbation of the brief.

BIG O. Well, then, (*to the Servant,*) tell Mr. Docket to walk in.

HOWI. (*Aside to Blunderbuss.*) Now the play is going to begin.

BLUND. (*Aside to Howi.*) I hope that that devil, Cobbett, will not hear of this; for, to a certainty, he would turn it into farce, and show us all up to intense and everlasting ridicule.

Enter DOCKET with papers. They all sit down at a table, covered with a green cloth, and having inkstands, pens, and paper, on it.

BIG O and "Counsellor" BRICK on one side; HOWITZER, BLUNDERBUSS, and DOCKET on the other, PATRICK at one end.

DOCKET. (*Having taken a bundle of papers from his bag, is putting on his spectacles.*) Here, gentlemen, is the brief.

BLUND. (*Having taken it up, is reading the endorsement aside to Howitzer*) "Cobbett Versus Big O. Defence, Mr. Counsellor Brick. Half a crown, and an old pair of shoes."

HOWI. (*In a whisper to Blund.*) We can't complain of the fee, at any rate.

DOCKET. Oh, no! this is not it.

BLUND. I beg pardon most intensely: here it is, Mr. Docket.

BRICK. 'Sblood, man!

PAT. Now, then, previously to any one offering a suggestion, it will be best for us to have read to us that which Mr. DOCKET has himself already put into the brief.

DOCKET. I have presumed to put nothing in the brief, Sir, relating to the defence. I have, as we do in all similar cases, simply stated the plaintiff's charges against us, and

BIG O. *His charges, indeed!*

BRICK. To the devil I pitch his charges, man.

DOCKET. Why, Sir, this is the way which my long practice has taught me; for, unless we have before us the charges of the plaintiff, how are we to marshal our evidence, by which they are to be proved to be false; and, if not proved to be false, we must have a verdict against

BIG O. (*Aside.*) What an old fool!

BRICK. (*Looking ferociously at Docket.*) What do you say? A verdict against the great BIG O? Do you dare to say that in my hearing?

BLUND. (*To Howitzer, aside.*) Not, I'll venture to say, for a pair even of new shoes.

DOCKET. I neither say nor insinuate any such thing, Sir; on the contrary, I am conscious that the verdict will be for us; for the charges are so monstrous, and all admit of such easy disproof, that

BIG O. (*Biting his lip and turning up his chin with a sort of half laugh*) Well, come, Mr. DOCKET, you may now leave us to consult.

PAT. Not, surely, till he has read the charges to us!

DOCKET. How am I to know what witnesses to bring forward?

BIG O and BRICK. (*Whisper.*)

BLUND. (*To Howitzer, aside.*) They are intensely embarrassed.

BIG O. Well, then, Sir, read these "charges," as you are pleased to call them; but, you will excuse me, if I devote this moment of "leisure" to "laughing."

DOCKET. I said so, Sir: I was sure you would laugh at such "comical" stuff, coming from a "fool" and a "miscreant;" and, indeed, so I had read in the public prints, where you were so jocose about the "blanket," which made me and my wife laugh so heartily, that we were like to

PAT. (*Drawing paper to him, and taking up a pen.*) Well, never mind Mrs. Docket just for the present: be so good as to read rather slowly, that the other counsel and I may all clearly understand what we hear, and be thereby enabled to judge of the means we possess of rebutting these several charges,

BRICK. (*Aside to BIG O.*) "Rebutting"! Did you hear that? By the hooky he's false, and I said he was.

DOCKET. (*Having smoothed out the brief.*) The charges are twelve in number, as follows.

BLUND. (*To Howitzer, aside.*) See how BIG O's lips quiver. You must give him a dram again out of Baucis's beechen bowls.

DOCKET. (*Reads.*) CHARGE I. That BIG O, upon coming to London (18 February) breathed nothing but hatred (very just) against the projectors of the destruction of the Catholic Association; that, he kept in this mood until the 28 February, having, on the 26th of February, made a speech at the Freemasons' Tavern, which speech excited great admiration, and was calculated, if it had not been marred as to its effects, to produce infinite benefit to the Catholic cause; but, that now (1 of March) the court air seems to have greatly softened his resentment against those whom he so much hated on the 18 February; that, on the 1 March, Mr. PLUNKETT, who had so lately prosecuted him in Ireland, and who had drawn up the bill for suppressing the Association, which was actually then passing, and which bill BIG O had flung from his hands, during his speech of the 26 February, calling it an *Algerine* and a *Turkish* measure, this very Mr. Plunkett, in only two clear days afterwards, received from BIG O a message, saying that the latter *wanted to speak with him*.

CHARGE II. That Mr. Plunkett, in consequence of this message from BIG O, went up to him, as he and other Deputies (of whom Lord Killeen was one) were sitting under the gallery of the House of Commons, saying, "BIG O, you sent me word that you wanted to speak to me?" "Yes," said the other, "I wanted to speak to you about a *private affair of a client of mine*." "Well," said Mr. Plunkett, "I will call at your hotel (*where the Deputation met*) to-morrow, or, you may call upon me *at my house*." That BIG O preferred the latter; and that he accordingly went, on the 2 March, to Mr. Plunkett's house.

BRICK. Oh! how I shall laugh at this! I shall say "BIG O has almost been convicted of going to the lodgings of Mr. Plunkett;"* and then what a roar of laughter I shall get, and what cheering from the whole audience, particularly from the ladies, at whom I shall smile as sweetly.....

BLUND. (*Aside*).... As a snap-turtle.

CHARGE III. That, the next day (2 March), BIG O went alone to Mr. PLUNKETT's house, to talk about the *private affair of his client*; that, being there for this purpose, the proposals, for *disfranchising the 40s. freeholders* and for *paying the Catholic priests out of the general taxes*, were made by one of the two of these so lately hostile men.

CHARGE IV. That, the next day (3 March), BIG O took LORD KILLEEN, who is a young man, to Mr. PLUNKETT's house; that the two famous "wings" were proposed at this interview; that the two Deputies returned to the Deputation, and communicated what had passed; that they were asked, whether they had assented to the "wings;" that BIG O said, "yes;" and that LORD KILLEEN said, "I did not assent."

CHARGE V. That on the 10th of March Mr. SHIEL told Cobbett, that BIG O had been promised a *Patent of Precedency*; on what day the promise was made Mr. SHIEL did not say, but, it must have been after the 2d and before the 9th of March inclusive; that, as Mr. SHIEL was, during his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons on the third of March, reminded of the benefit of a patent of precedence, it is pretty certain that the promise was made on the second of March; that there is, therefore, the strongest reason for believing, that this patent was to be the price of BIG O's endeavours to induce the Catholics to submit to the degrading "wings;" and, that this presumption, strong in itself, is strengthened, and carried to almost complete proof, by the subsequent conduct of BIG O.

HOWITZER. (*to Brick*.) How will you parry that thrust?

BRICK. Thrust, do you call it! By the poker, I'll.....

PAT.... Deny the fact, to be sure, and appeal to Mr. Shiel for a...

BIG O. Merely "laugh," if you have "leisure," that is the best w....

BRICK. Yes, but I will just say this: "Cobbett, although he has *withdrawn his charge of corruption*, still dwells upon the patent of precedence, which he heard was promised to Mr. O'Connell, as the price of, I suppose, his apostacy. A patent of precedence—and is it for this that he would strew in the dust the laurels which he has gained in the service of his country? Is it for this that he would put to hazard the enjoyment of his splendid and unrivalled popularity?" [Cheers.] The enemies of Mr. O'Connell do not hesitate to impute

* Brick's speech at CORK.

"unworthy motives, but they all admit this, that the Emancipation of the Catholics was stipulated for at all events. Oh! glorious apostacy, that was founded on no other principle than the liberation of the Irish people [vehement cheers]! Some men, Sir, have been bribed for defeating the Catholic Cause—but here is a delinquent, whose imputed crime is this, that he shewed too much anxiety to promote that cause. Sir, I will not, in this assembly, take the trouble of defending Mr. O'Connell from this charge, about the patent of precedence. I shall dismiss it with one single observation. 'A patent of precedence (says Cobbett) was to be given to Mr. O'Connell, if Emancipation were obtained.' Sir, if Emancipation were obtained, it would be, I may say, Mr. O'Connell's right, as a man of eminence at the Bar, to receive a silk gown; as the law stands, he cannot be promoted to the rank of King's Counsel, but he may, as a mark of favour from the Crown, receive a patent of precedence. [Hear, hear!] But does Mr. Cobbett dare to say, now that a patent of precedence would be of great value, that Mr. O'Connell has looked for it, or that he would condescend to take it? I dismiss THIS TRASH."

PAT. And that all!

DOCKET. You mean to call Mr. SHIEL, Sir?

BRICK. (to Patrick.) "That all!" why, is not that enough, man? (to Docket) and what do we want Shiel for?

BLUND. Oh, no! what should Shiel come for?

PAT. (to BRICK.) You are to say, that Cobbett has "*withdrawn his charge of corruption*;" and, I see, that BIG O says the same thing in his letter to Mr. STAUNTON of the 21st August. Now, in the first place, it seems odd, that you, who affect such great contempt for this "*old fellow*,"* as you call him, and for his "*trash*," as you call it, should be so anxious to cause it to be believed, that he has *withdrawn* any thing that he had preferred against you. And, in the next place, I do not perceive that he has *withdrawn any thing*. He never charged BIG O with "*base, vulgar corruption*," but with that species of corruption which abandons duty for the gratification of "*vanity and low ambition*;" and this charge he unhappily still adheres to. Again, he freely grants you, that the *patent* was to be granted only on condition, that the *Emancipation Bill* passed; but, then, I wish you to bear in mind, that this included the condition, that BIG O *should assist in the disfranchising and clergy-paying project*; for these were to be the price of the Emancipation Bill. In short, Cobbett's charge infers this: that the *patent* was to be the price of the "*wings*;" and that "*wings*" were to be the price of emancipation.

BRICK. Devil burn me, man, if I understand you.

HOWL. Nor I.

BLUND. Nor I.

DOCKET. With great submission, I understand Mr. Patrick very clearly.

BIG O. (Angrily.) You do?

DOCKET. Yes, Sir, with great humility I speak it in your presence. I am attorney for the tenants of a manor; they want to be freed from *suite and service* of the lord of the manor; the lord promises that they shall be, and besides *promises me a fat place*, if I will persuade them to give up their *common-right*, which is ten times a greater good than the *suite and service* is an evil. If I assent to this, I clearly betray my clients for my own gain, and, therefore

BIG O. Go on! Go on with your reading.

DOCKET. Therefore, as I was going to

* Brick's speech at CONG.

BRICK. Will you read, man! By the Hill o'Houth, I'll.....

DOCKET. But, I am to bring Mr. SHIEL, in order to

BRICK. (*Clenching both his fists.*) By the hod o'me fadder, I'll bate..

DOCKET. (*Frightened.*) Well, Sir, I'll proceed.

CHARGE VI. That, in his speech of the 26 February (5 days before he had seen Mr. Plunkett), BIG O spoke in most contemptuous terms of Mr. PEEL, who had formerly had a serious quarrel with BIG O, and who was still the great opponent of the Catholics; that, *after he had visited Mr. Plunkett*, and in ten days after the contemptuous language towards Mr. PEEL, BIG O wrote to that very Mr. PEEL a letter of *conciliation*; and that Mr. PEEL has not, even to this day, answered that letter.

HOWE. That's a lie at any rate!

[that.....]

BLUND. Never was BIG O so base as to sue for reconciliation with

BRICK. Yes, he did write; and what of that? what do you dare say of..

BLUND. Oh! nothing at all, nothing at all.

BIG O. I was the best judge of what would effect emancipation; and if I chose to write....

BRICK. Aye, if BIG O chose to do it, who....

HOWE. Not I, indeed. If he chose to do it; that is quite another thing.

BRICK. All that I shall say upon this charge is this: "BIG O is charged with having written to Mr. PEEL, upon the subject of an "unfortunate quarrel that once existed between them: what a "charge!"* And then there will be an *universal laugh* at "the old fellow" and his charge; and the ladies will clap their fans so for me.

PAT. You do not mean, then, to notice the circumstance of time?

BRICK. Not I.

PAT. Nor of place?

BRICK. No.

PAT. You do not mean to show *why* this conciliatory letter was written *just after the patent of precedency had been talked of*, though the quarrel was of *old date*?

BRICK. You are not a judge, man; you are not to question me.

PAT. You do not mean to suggest the reason why the latter *never got an answer*? (*Turning to Docket.*) Be so good as to proceed, then, Mr. Docket.

CHARGE VII. That the day after the speech of 26 Feb., a French gentleman, with BIG O's joyful approbation, began translating the speech, in order that it might go all over Europe, and be a sort of general appeal to all Catholic nations; that, on the 28th of Feb. (*before the visit to Plunkett*), BIG O saw the first part of the translation, applauded it to the skies, said that it was even better than the original, and expressed great gratitude to the translator, great anxiety for the speedy printing and dispatching of the speech, and appointed the 4th of March to see the translator again; that, on the 4th of March (*after the visit to Plunkett*), at the appointed hour, the translator went to the hotel, asked the servant whether BIG O were at home, and, the answer being YES, desired the servant to tell BIG O that he (the translator) was there; that the servant came back and said, that BIG O was *not at home*; that the servant, at the translator's request, went back to BIG O to say, that it was *he* who was waiting, and who had come at BIG O's own appointment; that the servant returned, and said, "Mr. BIG O has now desired me to say, that *he himself has told me to tell you, that he is not at home.*"

PATRICK. Well, Mr. "Counsellor" Brick; what do you say to that?

BRICK. Say to it!

BIG O. Laugh at it to be sure. What is more common than for gentlemen to say, that they are not at home, when they are at home?

PAT. Do you not mean to account for this *sudden change*? For this *indifference* about the speech, or, rather, for this apparent desire, on the 4th of March, to suppress that, which, on the 28th of February, so much anxiety had been expressed to have printed and circulated? Very well, then: please to proceed, Mr. Docket.

* Brick's speech at CORK.

CHARGE VIII. That, after the visit to Plunkett, BIG O decked himself off in military gear, and went and bowed to the earth at the levee of the.....

BIG O. A *flaw!* A *flaw!* There were not only *boards*; but, there was a *carpet* on the boards; and, therefore, there could be no *earth*.

PAT. But, do you think, that the court will consider this error as *material*?

BRICK. Aye, to be sure, for, as all us great lawyers know, there is a precedent, cited by SWIFT (who was a long time Chief Justice in Ireland), of a solemn determination, that, in a prosecution for stealing a cow, the great question was, not whether the cow had been stolen, and stolen by the prisoner; but, whether the field she fed in were *round*, or *square*.

HOWL. Bravo, Brick!

BLUND. Faith, we beat the world for *law*.

PATRICK. But, let Mr. Docket finish the charge, at any rate.

..... bowed to the earth at the levee of the Duke of York, always an openly-declared opponent of the Catholic claims, and the head man of that thundering standing army in time of peace, a great part of which army was, at that very moment, notoriously employed for purposes that need not be named, and that no man understood better than BIG O.

BRICK. By the poker, I shall have fine laughing at this. I shall proceed thus: "The charge is, that Mr. O'Connell went to the levee of the Duke of York!—Oh, monstrous!—[*Here a loud laugh at Cork.*]"
 "—What! can it be true? Is it to be believed, that Mr. O'Connell, in company, too, with Sir Thomas Esmonde, and other Irish gentlemen, attended at the levee of his Royal Highness, long, you will observe, before his famous speech? Really, if Mr. O'Connell has done the act, it is impossible that his country can longer confide in his integrity. [*Here peals of laughter.*] I positively think that we ought to forget the labours of his life, his sacrifices, and his services, and denounce and disown him because he went to the levee of the Duke of York. [*Here the whole audience will burst forth in laughter.*]"
 "—What! is it to be endured that Mr. O'Connell, without the leave of the people, at least, without the leave of Mr. Ronayne, shall be allowed to attend a levee or a ball-room?—[*Here the ladies will fairly cry with laughing.*]"—He ought to be discarded for this with a "*vengeance.*" [*There then will be such a "Hear! hear! hear!" and such a laughing and shouting, that it will seem as if the walls were coming down.*]*

BIG O. The *walls*, did you say? What, will they shake as they did upon hearing my speech at the last aggregate.....

BRICK. Eh?

HOWL. (*to Big O, aside.*) Never mind that just now.

BLUND. (*to Big O, aside.*) No, no; never mind that just at present.

PAT. So, you mean to hook Sir Thomas Esmonde in?

BRICK. By the jingo, I do.

BLUND. Yes, for, as Mrs. Radcliff observes, men, if they must die, like to die in company.

HOWL. (*to Blunderbuss, aside.*) Hush!

BIG O. Die, Sir, what do you.....

BRICK. Aye, what do you mean by *die*?

BLUND. Die, why in the field of honour, fighting the battles of the Catholics against a hostile chieftain, and in such a case, is it not the part of a gallant and faithful leader to get as great a body as possible to triumph, or to perish, along with him?

BIG O. Aye, in that sense, indeed it.....

BLUND. And, in what other sense could I use the word?

* Report of Brick's speech at Cork.

BRICK. Why, he supposed, and so did I, at first, that you meant to insinuate that his reputation for consistency, sincerity, and spirit

BLUND. Oh! Mercy on us! How could

PAT. This being *settled*, then, pray have the goodness to proceed, Mr. Docket.

CHARGE IX. That BIG O was, from his first arrival in London (19 Feb.), warned by Cobbett, against the arts that would be made use of to seduce and disgrace him; that this warning was constantly kept alive in his ears; that, on the 8th of March, he was warned of the consequences of the "*wings*;" that Cobbett begged and prayed him not to assent to them; that, though he had, at this very time, assented, and had even written his first letter to the Association, he did not say that he had assented, and did not tell Cobbett that he had written any letter at all; that he was now begged and prayed and implored to beware of his danger; and that Cobbett said to him enough to convince any man in his senses, that, *at this time*, on no conditions that could be offered, *would any Relief Bill pass*; that such bill, if accompanied with the "*wings*," would not only be rejected, but rejected with the hearty approbation of the whole people of England, and especially those of them that were friends to the Catholic cause; that an opinion to the same amount was conveyed to him (through authentic channels) from LORD HOLLAND and EARL GREY; and that, still he, backed on by empty and blustering GLORY, persevered in endeavours to sacrifice to his inordinate vanity the political rights of the Catholics, the independence of their priesthood, and the *character and principles of their religion*, which religion, if his project had succeeded, must, in England, have for ever borne the stigma of being *the natural ally and upholder of tyranny and corruption*; a stigma which it has been the main object of the lying Orange historians to fix upon it, in order to make it hateful to the people of England, and in order to keep from their bosoms all feelings of compassion for all sense of justice towards the cruelly oppressed people of Ireland.

HOWL. (*To Brick.*) This you can disprove, of course?

BRICK. Disprove! On the contrary, I shall gladly admit it; for, as I shall say, "though I really do *not know* Mr. O'Connell's opinion upon the subject, I will not conceal *mine*. I have always said *that I would accept* of emancipation upon the terms that they offered."*

PAT. You would accept!

BRICK. Yes, *I*; and am I nothing?

BLUND. (*Aside to Howitzer.*) I wonder upon *what terms* he would abjure the Pope!

PAT. So, you do not, by any accident, happen to know what BIG O *now* thinks about these "*wings*."

BRICK. No, by the Hooky, I do not.

PAT. Has there not been a declaration on his part, that he was *sorry* for having assented to them; that he knew they had *retarded* emancipation; that he should have heard of them with *horror*, had they not been *sanctioned by the bishops*; and that he would take care that *such wings should never be assented to again*?

BRICK. I know nothing about that matter. Go on, Docket, and let us get rid of "*the old fellow's trash*."

PAT. But, Mr. "Counsellor" Brick, though you do not know what BIG O thinks about the disfranchising of his poor Catholic countrymen, and though you yourself would "*gladly*" see it done, in order to emancipate you, it may, perhaps, before you go into court with this brief of yours, not be amiss for you to know how a General Meeting of Irish Catholics, held at New York, on the 19th of July last, spoke and decided as to this important matter. Dr. McNEVIN, well known for his talents, patriotism, and his *real* sacrifices for Ireland, spoke thus of that Bill, which BIG O told us, it had been permitted to him to *draw up*. "The principles of that *mischievous* Bill must have been *laid down* by some cool and *crafty* Orangeman. It went, in the first place, to bribe off the better educated and richer Catholics, lay and

* Report of Brick's speech at Cork.

“ clerical, from the great mass of the Catholic population, whom it
 “ condemned to a state of perpetual insignificance and helotage. And,
 “ in the next place, it recoiled upon that very gentry and clergy, who
 “ would be as feeble as reeds without a community of interest with
 “ that mass of Catholic population, their great support and their tower
 “ of strength. *An assent to that Bill, on the part of the Catholic*
 “ *gentry and clergy*, would be equally silly and unprincipled. Though
 “ the door of Parliament should be opened to the Catholic gentleman,
 “ who would send him there if the Catholic could not? And though a
 “ stipend could be given to the Catholic clergy, what security would
 “ they have for its continuance after they abandoned that moderate
 “ control over Parliament which they now possess, and without which
 “ the offer would never have been made? That bill was a counterpart
 “ of the treaty of the wolves with the sheep; and I am sorry my learned
 “ countrymen did not recollect *Æsop's Fables*, before they acceded to
 “ it. But the worst of all was *the slanderous pretext for disfranchising*
 “ *the 40s. freeholders*. They are *too poor, forsooth*, to make an inde-
 “ pendent use of their votes. And this is alleged in Ireland, where the
 “ richest and the highest of the land took a bribe from the British Go-
 “ vernment for destroying the Parliament of their country, and sinking
 “ their own and their posterity's importance for ever. I do not know
 “ whether the 40s. freeholders are *too poor* to be independent voters,
 “ but they are certainly not rich enough to be bribed by their betters.
 “ We have seen in this city that the poor Irish come to the polls, and
 “ put in their ballots with as much independence and veracity as any
 “ other voters. This is universally admitted; but here there is no con-
 “ spiracy to abridge the right of suffrage, nor to calumniate in order to
 “ destroy. When I read of *this execrable project in Mr. O'Connell's*
 “ *Letter to the Association*, I confess that I felt great pain, and was
 “ fearful that an illustrious man *had fallen*. The people of all nations
 “ have a deep interest in the integrity of public characters. Their
 “ purity is conducive to our confidence in virtue. For this reason,
 “ Washington and Bolivar are the greatest moralists of mankind, for of
 “ all men they have done most to refute the gloomy doctrine of univer-
 “ sal selfishness. With these feelings I was prepared to receive a great,
 “ and I will not say, unexpected pleasure, from the perusal of
 “ Mr. O'Connell's *second speech* at the English Catholic Meeting, where
 “ he fully clears himself of any share in the disfranchising project.”

PAT. Alas! what will Doctor M'NEVIN and our Catholic coun-
 trymen in America say, when they find, that BIG O has, though in
 vain, attempted to shift this project from himself to Drs. DOYLE and
 MURRAY; and that, after being detected and exposed, he is now in such
 a state, that even you, his zealous defender, does not venture to say,
whether he still adhere, or not, to what Doctor M'NEVIN calls an
 “ *execrable project* ”?

BIG O. M'NEVIN is an “ undergrowing fool, & a comical miscreant.”

BRICK. He is an “ old fellow,” and a “ rogue.”

BLUND. Come, Brick, don't go too far: the doctor was a friend of
 my father; and an honest fellow.....

PAT. But, *all the meeting* must, then, have been “ fools and rogues; ”
 for it “ *resolved unanimously*,” that the lately agitated measures were
 “ *a distinguished farce*.”

HOWL. What! A *farce*! BIG O and GLORY's emancipating project
 a *farce*!

BRICK. By the hod, if I had them (*clenching his fists*) here, I'd....

PAT. Pray proceed Mr. Docket; for (*looking at his watch*) my time
 is nearly expired.

CHARGE X. That, in spite of these warnings, big O's man-of-all-work (Mr. "Counsellor" BRICK) was daily plying the Dublin papers with paragraphs, asserting (in confirmation of big O's letter of 7th March) that "*emancipation was at hand*;" that the king was decidedly for it; that Lord Liverpool had become its friend; that Mr. CANNING had ousted the LORD CHANCELLOR from his influence in the cabinet; that Westminster's PRIDE and ENGLAND'S GLORY had both Houses with him; that, in short, the SPOTTED PANTHER was hastening to intertwine her limbs with those of the MILK WHITE HIND; and that, as big O's close connexion, since, with BRICK, has proved, these lying and most mischievous paragraphs, had the full approbation of big O, if, indeed, they did not originate in his own mind.

CHARGE XI. That, having stayed in England to see the Relief Bill rejected, to hear Lord Liverpool say, "*that men, who were willing to give up the liberties they at present enjoy, were not deserving of Emancipation, and if they so abused (according to Mr. O'Connell and others) a small portion of freedom, they would not be worthy of what they considered as a greater*;" having stayed to see it thus rejected, partly, at least, on the grounds of catholic sacrifices of which he had, though wholly unauthorised, made the treacherous tender; having stayed to see the people of England, and the friends of the Catholics in particular, applaud the House of Lords for the kingdom's escape from the measures to which he had assented; having seen all this, he went back to deceived, betrayed, and insulted Ireland, where, so far from expressing that contrition, or, observing that silence, which became him, and either of which would have obtained for him, from his too credulous and too generous countrymen, complete forgiveness, he, taking the thoughtless huzzas of a few as proof of a still-existing general delusion, again began to erect himself into a species of Dictator, gathered a noisy and silly and subservient crew about him, and, thinking himself thus enabled to browbeat truth and sense out of Ireland, had the audacity to affix to the name of Mr. Lawless and to that of Mr. Cobbett (both of whom had anxiously laboured to prevent his disgrace) epithets, which, under such circumstances, and with such an application, never could have suggested themselves but to the most insolent and most base of men.

PAT. You say nothing to these two charges, I suppose?

BRICK. Nothing, only that big O called "the old fellow" a fool, and I shall add to that, liar and rogue, terms which he had merited *all his life long*.

PAT. Well, but about the paragraphs sent to Dublin, post after post? Did not Cobbett remonstrate with you on that subject? Did he not say, that you were preparing the most cruel of disappointments for Ireland? Did he not, on one particular occasion, take great pains to convince you that the relief bill would not pass, and did you not, in answer, exclaim: "Why, blood and oons, man, I have just written to Dublin, that we shall be sure to have emancipation in two months."

BRICK. Yes, by me fadder's hod, and, by the same token, I remember that he told me a most barefaced and wicked lie that same day; for, the servant coming up to tell him that dinner was on the table, he said, "I am sorry, Mr. BRICK, we have nothing fit to set you down to dine on;" and so he got me away; and, by the red-hot poker, I saw, as I went by the dining-room door, that "poor undergrowling Jack Lawless," sitting with salmon, roast-beef, a turkey, and a chine before him!

PAT. But you would not have dined with Cobbett?

BRICK. Oh, no! But, the lie, you know; the lie: you must know I hate a lie.

PAT. I see, I see! Go on, then, Mr. Docket.

CHARGE XII. That

HOWL. (*Aside to Blunderbuss.*) A round dozen, by the

That, in spite of this outrageous personal provocation, Cobbett, still hoping that friends, nearer at hand, would interfere to arrest the progress of arrogance, held his tongue; but, when he saw, in the English newspapers, a speech of big O, asserting that he had, in England, and especially respecting the "wings," "done nothing, said nothing, without the CONCURRENCE and SANCTION of Doctors DOYLE and MURRAY;" when Cobbett saw this; when he considered, that, if uncontradicted, it must be completely destructive to the character of Dr. DOYLE;

when he saw also how it was sinking that excellent gentleman in the eyes of the English nation; when Cobbett saw all this, he, well knowing that the charge against the Bishops was **TOTALLY FALSE**, stepped forward to defend the falsely accused, to give the true history of the whole transaction, to refix the dislocated, disowned, and disgraceful "wings" upon the sides of him who had once clapped them to those sides in triumph; and, for Cobbett's doing this, and only for doing this, **BIG O**, the "*Catholic*" **BIG O**, the "*pious*" **BIG O**, proclaimed to all Ireland and all England, and, as far as he was able, to all the world, that the author of the "**PROTESTANT REFORMATION**" was a "*comical miscreant*." *

BLUND. (*Aside.*) That's a thumper, at any rate.

PAT. (*To Brick.*) You mean, I hope, to *deny flatly*, that **BIG O** ever made any such speech.

BIG O. To be sure we do; and, as Cobbett had said that a person of *respectability* had told him that *I uttered the words*, that *Brick wrote the report* of them, and that *I saw the report*, I have *completely answered* him by calling upon him to *name this person of respectability*.

BRICK. And I shall call him *liar*, because "*I could not*," I shall say, "*show the report to BIG O*; simply because *I did not take the report*."

PAT. But, you will, doubtless, bear in mind, that Cobbett (*Re-*

* *To the Proprietor of the Morning Register. Cork, Aug. 21, 1825.*

My Dear Sir,—You have made the public a kind of half-promise that I would publish a reply to Cobbett's foolish but virulent attacks upon me; and I am more than half-determined to keep your promise. I will do it so soon as his last Register shall have gone the rounds of all the Orange Newspapers. They readily publish his attacks on me.—They will not publish one word of my reply; they hate me so *because I have injured the Catholic cause!*—Well, I consent.

Before I have time to give a detailed reply to his ludicrous assaults, I wish to carry the war into his quarters, and to inform him thus, that I distinctly charge him with three *pure fictions*:—

First—It is a pure fiction of his invention, that any person of character told him that my speech at the Bridge-street meeting, was accurately reported. Set that down for falsehood the first.

Second—It is equally untrue, that any *such* person told him that Mr. Brie was the reporter of that speech.

Third—It is equally untrue, that any *such* person told him that the report of that speech was shown to me by any person, before its publication.

I distinctly accuse Cobbett of these three *fictions*. There is but one way of convincing me that he has not wilfully invented them.—It is by giving the name of the alleged informer. Let him not shuffle upon this point. He has publicly relied on this pretended person's information, and he cannot shelter himself, under any pretence, from giving his name. But no, he truly *will not* give it—simply because he *cannot*.

It would be quite idle for him to allege, that he is restrained by delicacy!—Delicacy, forsooth!!! Why, the charge of corruption, which he brought against me in his first attack, and retracted in his second, was grounded upon the private (if any thing be private) conversation of a gentleman, at his table after dinner. It is quite manifest that he has misrepresented, in his first attack, that conversation. But he is a pretty fellow to complain, as he has often done, of the publication of private letters, and yet publish the after-dinner conversation of a guest at his own table. We manage these things differently in Ireland.—But, I will return to this subject again, with more of contemptuous ridicule, than of that sober earnestness which it would, upon a more important occasion, deserve and obtain.

I have thrown these things out in this way, just to amuse myself a little on matters rather collateral to the principal subject between us—by thus distinctly impeaching his veracity and denying his delicacy.

I will give him at leisure a full reply. His second letter has indeed furnished part of that reply. In the first he charged me with corruption: in the second he acquits me of that charge, but still accuses me of "*inconsistency*" and "*inordinate vanity*."

He is, to be sure, a comical miscreant, to accuse any person of "*inconsistency*" and "*vanity*," as of crimes. Why, suppose I were guilty of both these crimes, I should make no other apology to him than the school-boy phrase: "*The bed is large enough for both of us—share the blanket, friend Cobbett.*"

My next letter will be longer, but some days must elapse before I can write it.

I am always yours very faithfully,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

gister, 13th Aug. page 443) stated this private information merely as matter of his own belief; but, at the same time, expressly said, "this is of no consequence; for, had not Mr. O'CONNELL read the report of his speech in the newspapers?" So said the Rev. Mr. KINSELLA; and he added, that he had read it in *four newspapers*, and that it had remained unnoticed by Mr. O'CONNELL for NINE DAYS; during which time, observe, Cobbett had seen it circulated all over England, and had heard the bitter reproaches that it had brought upon the Catholic prelates, and particularly upon Doctor Doyle.

BRICK. Blood, man, how was BIG O to notice and correct the false report, if he never condescend to read newspapers?

PAT. But you condescend thus sometimes? And, surely, you might....

BRICK. No, I could not, for I, most unluckily, was blind during the whole of that nine days.

BLUND. (*Aside.*) A real whelp, by the.....

PAT. But, could nobody read the report to you?

BRICK. No; for I was deaf as well as.....

HOWITZER. Enough, enough, my dear fellow. More than an answer to Cobbett and Kinsella: and now.....

BIG O. Aye, now, who will deny, that the appellation of "*comical miscreant*" was aptly and justly applied?

BRICK. And, who can doubt, that, with ENGLAND'S GLORY and all his acres at our back, and in a court selected, at Cork, out of all our own kidney, we shall.....

Enter Docket's Clerk.

CLERK. (*To Docket.*) The witnesses are all come, Sir.

BRICK. Hear, hear, hear! What *all*? DOCTOR BLACK and....

CLERK. I beg pardon, Sir; the Doctor was obliged to remain in the metropolis of the Empire, being intensely engaged at the "London University," teaching the dull Christian youths of the South how to augment their national capital by "watching the turn of the market;" and, more especially to teach the art of *checking the breeding of our Irish women*, which he insists.....

BLUND. What?

BIG O. I am sorry for the absence of "*my friend BLACK*," who called the "PROTESTANT REFORMATION" *pig's meat*, and who would have proved, that Cob.....

BRICK. (*To the Clerk, anxiously.*) But SIR GLORY's come?

CLERK. He would have been here, Sir, to a certainty, but was prevented by a heavy fall of snow.

BIG O. Oh, heavens!

BRICK. (*Aside to BIG O.*) Write to him directly; beseech him to come over; send off express to him; tell him, that the "*comical miscreant*" is expected; and that.....

PAT. (*To the Clerk.*) Snow, Sir! Why we are boiling.

BIG O. Yes, my dear Patrick, but consider how far the Sister Kingdom lies to the North of us; consider how fickle her climate. You, who have never been in those intense regions, can have no idea of the density of the atmosphere, which, as I have twice publicly stated, since my happy return, produces a corresponding density in the intellects of the unfortunate inhabitants.

BRICK. Yes, it is the snow: nothing but the snow could have stopped SIR GLORY, that great and consistent Reformer, who was, in fact, the joint progenitor of the "wings" of disfranchising emancipation. Ah! he is really our second St. Patrick!

PAT. (*To the Clerk.*) Well; but the rest are in town?

CLERK. Yes, Sir, landed from the steam-boat about half an hour ago.
 DOCKET. (*To Big O.*) At what hour to-morrow will you please to have them here?

BIG O. Not to-morrow. (*Aside.*) I must give Sir Glory time to come.

DOCKET. What day, Sir?

BIG O. Not till Monday next. [*All go out, but BRICK and BIG O, who walk arm in arm, behind the rest.*]

BRICK. I'll go and see the witnesses directly; and I'll feed and drench them well by Monday, cost what it.

BIG O. Cost, man! What do you talk of cost?

Draw, clip, file, squeeze, sweat, nay, and melt "the Rent,"
 To give me vengeance on this "Miscreant."

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A room in Docket's house; Anna Brodie, 'Squire Bl-ball, and Mrs. Docket at tea.

BL-BALL. This here Hierish butter is n't half so sweet as the Hinglish butter that they makes at my Manor of Moonshine.

MRS. DOCKET. I thought, Sir, that our butter was better than yo....

BL-BALL. You thought! why how should you

Enter Brick.

BRICK. (*Running up to Bl-ball and seizing his hand*) Welcome, welcome, 'Squire! We'll do the "comical miscreant" now!

BL-BALL. I'm the unny man to do 'un. Was not I hoisted up to the very pinnercal o' poparality, and did'n't un

BRICK. I remember it all, all of it, my dear 'Squire. I remember how he took away the ladder, and

BL-BALL. How he betrayed

BRICK. Yes, that's it: that's just what I shall accuse

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Mr. Thwaites, Sir, of the Linen-board.

BRICK. Linen-board! [*in sheets made out of rags.*]

SERVANT. Late of the Linen-board, he says; but that now he deals

BRICK. Oh! I understand, sheets of the *Morning Herald*. Tell my dear friend, Thwaites, to walk in.

ANNA. If your friend, he is not mine; and, if he come, I'll go, that's flat.

BL-BALL. Think, unny, think ov the cause, Ma.....

ANNA. Cause! Don't tell me. Here's this fellow constantly getting away my custom by endeavouring to surpass me in stupidity, vulgarity, and in abuse of Cob....

BL-BALL. Unny, think ov the pinnercal ov poparality, Mad.....

ANNA. I don't care a louse's liver for your poparality, as you call it, I'll

BRICK. (*Holding out his hands to take hold of her.*) My dear Ma....

ANNA. Paws off, Pompey; none of your blarney! Do you know, that I, "notwithstanding my coverture," am the heiress to

BRICK. Yes, I do know it, most beautiful Anna, the whiteness of whose sheet is typical of that bosom, while the rose at the head of the sheet prepares us for those blooming checks, which otherwise would bereave us of

ANNA. (*Smiling.*) You Irish gentlemen are such flatterers, that I

BRICK. No, devil burn me, Mada.....

BL-BALL. Think ov the pinnercal! Think ov the cause; think ov the necessity ov Union, I zay.

BRICK. And so say I, 'Squire; and so says Big O. "Union" is our great watchword; our parole and countersign too. We work wonders by the word Union.

ANNA. Well, but do you mean to say, that I am to *unite* with a fellow that is undermining me, circumventing me, cheating me out of my hereditary rights? Do you mean to say that it is my duty to *unite* with him?

BL.-BALL. Yes, *unite* with the devil himself for the sake of the cause.

BRICK. Why, Madam, only look at our new Catholic Association: we unite with *Socinians*, *Muggletonians*, and all the tag-rag sects upon earth: we all swear by BIG O, and if any one dare to open his lips against him, we cry *disunion*, a sower of *disunion*; and, by the Hooky, we strangle him in the cracking of a louse. Do, therefore, my dear Madam, permit me to introdu..... (To the Servant)—Tell Mr. Thwaites to walk in.

ANNA. Then I go, that's flat. (Going.)

BL.-BALL. Tink ov the cause, Madam, (trying to stop her.)

BRICK. (Aside.) We *must* have him, at any rate; for my speech must go into his sheet. (To her)—By that lilly bosom, that cheek of rose, that lip of dewy vermillion, those teeth of coral, those auburn ringlets (she halts), those eyes of (Seeing Thwaites coming in)—One minute, my dear Thwaites, if you please. (Thwaites goes without the door again.)... Those eyes that would melt a heart of flint, and mould it into any shape out of which you might choose to take a naggin, I conjure you, my dear Madam, not to produce "division" amongst.....

ANNA. Well, Mr. "Counsellor," but, mind, it is solely for *your* sake that I.....

BRICK. Oh, my charming lady, thus (kneels) I express my intense gratitude in presence of this entire.....

Enter THWAITES.

ANNA. (Looking fiercely at him.) It's too much! What, surpassed in stupidity by that..... (stops her nose) ... Divide or not divide, dissension or not dissension, I'll not stay, that's flat... (Going.)

BL.-BALL. (To her, aside.) Think ov cause. (Stops her.)

ANNA. "Stand off, or, by heavens, I make a ghost of him that lets me." (Flies out of the room.)

THWAITES. What is the matter with the lady?

BRICK. Ah! Thwaites, Thwaites, you are a happy fellow!

THWAITES. What, is it to be happy to make a lady run away from one?

BRICK. Why, she is in love with you, man.

THWAITES. In love with me! Eh, eh, eh, eh! (In voice like that of a grasshopper.)

BRICK. Aye, and has been telling Mr. DOCKET, that she is unable to be in the same room with you without fainting; and so..... But, here's Docket.

Enter DOCKET, with papers.

DOCKET. Happy to meet you, gentlemen. I will now, if you please, take your several previous examinations, if you will be so good as to accompany me into the adjoining room, while Mrs. Docket has the table set for supper. [They all go out.]

SCENE II.

A Room in SIR GLORY'S house in the country. SIR GLORY and 'SQUIRE SANCHEO sitting at a small deal-table, with tea things on it, and a small bit of bread, and a lump of butter about the size of a hen's egg.

SANCHEO. Oh! we shall have no opposition. The *Rump* have made us as snug as the members for the rotten borough of Old Sarum.

SIR GLORY. "Rotten!" I say, as Dundas said, that these rotten things are the *sound* part of the constitution.

SANCHEO. They keep us safe and sound, at any rate.

SIR GLORY. Aye, and Big O was right, to be sure, when he told the Committee, that 40s. freeholders were such an injury to us of the higher orders.

SANCHO. Aye, these scot and lot fellows are a devil of a plague; for, though the Rump manages them, there is the printing and placarding, and there are those greedy reporters and editors to pay, and then these rascals are so familiar, and do so stink of gin and

SIR GLORY. And what is worse, there are the *Rump themselves* to endure, those nasty, pert, conceited, solemn coxcombs, who.....

SANCHO. Aye, there is that THIMBLE, for instance; did you ever see such a beast? Talking to me, he has it, "SANCHO" this and "SANCHO" that, without ever thinking of using the *Mister* or the *Sir*; and, when he talks of you, 'tis plain "*Glory*," just as if his hand was in the same dish with yours.

SIR GLORY. As to my *dish*, Sancho, I'll defy him to get his hand *there*, be the consequence what it may.

SANCHO. When the fellow has been poking his nose into my face sometimes, and pawing my shoulder, I have been half tempted to pitch him and the Rump and the whole of it to the devil together.

SIR GLORY. He'll be *here* presently, and that d— fool, COWHIDE, along with him.

SANCHO. Mercy on us! what makes you think so?

SIR GLORY. Read that (*Gives him a letter.*)

SANCHO. (*Reading.*) "My dear Glory:".... really this is too bad. And so they, without the least ceremony, send you word that they mean to come & quarter themselves upon you, without even waiting for answer?

SIR GLORY. People may say what they will about *standing-army*; but this is the real standing army, and this is brought on us by those scot and lot fellows; for, if it were not for them, we should need no Rump.

SANCHO. But what do you mean to do with them?

SIR GLORY. Do with them?

SANCHO. Aye, do with them; for, they are like Scotchmen: if they once set their teeth in your victuals, and lay their carcasses on your beds, you will never get them out of the house without setting it on fire.

SIR GLORY. And that's what I will do rather than they shall have *bite or sup* in it.

SANCHO. But how do you mean to get rid of them?

SIR GLORY. Marshal Hudibras's plan; "fight their stubborn guts to death." [Magazine?

SANCHO. Had we not better retreat, and leave them the empty

SIR GLORY. Why, I have been thinking of that; but they will find out the line of march and follow us; and, as we *must* have an *election* before long, I think.... But, (*looking out of the window*) here they are, just got off the coach, and each with a portmanteau in his hand!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Mr. COWHIDE and Mr. THIMBLE, Sir, just come in from the coach.

SIR GLORY. Here (*hastily*), carry the breakfast things away out at the back door. [*Exit Servant with teapot, &c. then comes back.*

SIR GLORY. (*To Servant.*) Now, John, mind me. When I tell you to bring breakfast, say, and stand to the lie, that there is *nothing to eat in the whole house*.

SERVANT. Yes, Sir. (*Aside.*) And I wish I may never tell a greater lie than that. [*Exit John.*

[*A rapping with knuckles at the room door.*

SIR GLORY. (*To Sancho.*) Come this way a bit, to hold a council of war. [*They go out at the back door.*

Enter Cowhide and Thimble in span new clothes, and with their portmanteaus.

COWHIDE. A pretty place. I does so love the country!

THIMBLE. How long shall we stay? I can't stay above a week or two, at most.

COWHIDE. My wife has put me up shirts for a month.

THIMBLE. I know he'll want us to stay longer; for, he always says, that he delights in my company, because I talks so well about *political economy*, and against the breedings of the common people's wives, and says he to me, t'other day, "Aye, Thimble, a wife's a *luxury*, and nobody should have it that can't *afford to pay for it*." Ah, a, a, a, ah!

COWHIDE. Ah, a, a, a, ah! He's such a witty man! "We shall never look upon his like again"....but here he comes, I dare say;.. no, it is....

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. SIR GLORY's compliments, gentlemen; and begs you to take an airing in the grounds, until he can hasten to you. [*Exit Servant.*]

COWHIDE. Gad, I want no airing: I have had airing enough since 9 o'clock last night; for, at one time, I thought the wind would have blown me off the coach.

THIMBLE. I am more in want of victuals than of air.

COWHIDE. And so am I; for the devil a bit have I touched since yesterday tea-time:

THIMBLE. Nor I; for, though I did think of bringing some crackers in my pocket, I refrained for the sake of having a famous appetite this morning.

COWHIDE. But, let us just take a stroll down the park for a few minutes at any rate. [*They go out.*]

Enter Sir Glory and Sancho laughing.

SIR GLORY. (*To Servant who enters with a letter.*) What's that?

SERVANT. A letter, Sir Glory, brought express from Ireland. [*Exit Servant.*]

SIR GLORY. (*Opening the letter.*) Ah, 'tis from poor BIG O. (*Reads.*) "My dear and most illustrious Glory"....Ah, poor fellow, he is in a devil of a mess....(*reads again*)—"I am intensely afflicted to find that "the snow has covered the entire superficies of the Sister Kingdom, and "that....." but, what signifies reading any more. I can do nothing for him. (*Tears the letter and flings away the bits.*)

SANCHO. But, you mean to send an *answer* by the express messenger?

SIR GLORY. Indeed, I do not. Least said is soonest mended, when one has to deal with such people as those who received the letter of Mr. WYSE; and.....

Enter Cowhide and Thimble.

SIR GLORY. Ah! Cowhide, how 'do; how 'do Thimble. (*Shaking hands.*)

COWHIDE. How, 'do Glory; how 'do, my little Sancho!

THIMBLE. Glad to see ye; glad, heartily glad to see ye, Glory, and you too, my little buck.

SANCHO. (*Aside*) "Buck"! The rascal measured me for a pair of pantaloons but a week ago!

SIR GLORY. Come, sit down, sit down, you must be tired riding all night.

COWHIDE. More *peckish* than *prudish*, Glory; and we.....

SIR GLORY. Aye, aye, no *prudery* here: it is all here, catch as catch can. But, how come on the *electors*? Are you prepared for all accidents?

THIMBLE. Oh, yes. I have done every thing; but, we shall have time enough to talk over all that, again and again, before we go away; and, now, we will, if you please, take.....

COWHIDE. Aye; for I have an appetite for.....

SANCHO. Ample revenge on all our opponents, I hope, never forgetting Cob. . . .

THIMBLE. Yes, yes; but, after break.

SIR GLORY. . . . Breaking his skull, you were going to say, I sup.

COWHIDE. No, Thimble meant to say after *breakfast*; for, you must know, we are nearly famished.

SIR GLORY. Gadso, I beg your pardon (*Runs to the bell and pulls most furiously*); why didn't you speak before?

COWHIDE. (*Aside to Thimble.*) Oh;—how I shall eat!

Enter Servant.

SIR GLORY. (*To Servant.*) *Breakfast* for us all. Cold meat, fresh eggs, butter, cream, coffee, tea, chocolate, fresh bread, and hot rolls.

THIMBLE. (*Aside.*) Oh lord! I shall kill myself!

SANCHO. And now, Mr. THIMBLE, while breakfast is preparing, just tell us a little of what is going on in our borough.

THIMBLE. And *ours* too, if you please, Sancho.

SANCHO. Why, when I said "*our*," did you imagine that I meant to shut *you* out?

SIR GLORY. Oh, no, no, no!

THIMBLE. Well, then, all is prepared; the placards, the flags, the car, the musicians; the reporters and editors all well palmed and drenched; the landlords of the houses of call all touched to the soul by our infallible arguments; stout fellows appointed for *stewards* at the purity-dinner, and armed with clubs, called *wands*, sufficient to cleave the skull of *any one that shall dare to hint disapprobation of the 40s. freehold project.*

SIR GLORY. You are sure, now, that you have securely provided for that?

THIMBLE. Quite sure; and that, while you shall eulogize *free discussion*, it shall be as much as any man's life's worth to hint, even to hint, that the taking of the votes away from half a million of freeholders was not *perfectly consistent* with all your twenty-five years of professions in the cause of *universal suffrage*.

SIR GLORY. (*Aside.*) All's safe, then.

THIMBLE. Besides, I have written a song, for the occa.

SANCHO. A song!

COWHIDE. Yes, a most delightful song, to the tune of.

SIR GLORY. Never mind the tune.

THIMBLE. But, I must read you the words. Here they . . .

SANCHO. Never mind the words; for—(*Aside*)—All's right, at any rate; and now they may go.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. There is no cold meat, Sir, in the house; no butter, no eggs, no tea, no chocolate, no coffee, no hot rolls, and no

SIR GLORY. . . . No *bread* even?

SERVANT. Not a morsel, Sir; the baker in the village died suddenly last night . . .

COWHIDE. What! committed suicide?

SIR GLORY. Oh, no, poor fellow, *starved*; starved to death!

THIMBLE. Starved! a baker starved!

SIR GLORY. Ah, my friends, you do not know what a poor barren country this is.

SANCHO. It is quite melancholy to think of.

SIR GLORY. You'd be surprised at the number of people that die here from starvation. I have been at death's door myself half a dozen times.

SANCHO. And, the worst of it is, people go off so suddenly, that there is.

COWHIDE. (*Aside to Thimble, who begins to look of a pale black.*) I don't like this air. I told you I thought it too sharp for my stomach.

SIR GLORY. (*Who has overheard him.*) People feel a sharp air upon their chest, and off they go, like the snuff of a candle, "unhouselled, unannealed," as Shakspeare says. We always keep our wills ready made here; for, the stoutest of us cannot tell.....

THIMBLE. (*After ringing the bell.*) What hour does the London coach go by?—(*To the Servant.*)

SERVANT. There it is, Sir, coming up the hill now.

COWHIDE. Do, my dear fellow, run and stop it. [*Exit Servant.*]

SIR GLORY. Oh, no: don't go, don't go; pray do not leave us; I dare say we shall have something to eat in a couple of days at the farthest.

COWHIDE. (*In a faint voice.*) Oh, dear! I feel so quarmish!

THIMBLE. Well, good day; I hope we shall meet again; but.....

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. The coach is at the park gate, gentlemen.

SIR GLORY. Farewell, Cowhide; farewell, Thimble.

COWHIDE }
and } Farewell; farewell, dear little Sancho. [*They go off.*]

THIMBLE. }
SANCHO. Ah, a, a, a, a, ah!

SIR GLORY. Come, sit down, we have now "*leisure to laugh*," as poor BIG O says.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. There is the Irish express, Sir, who waits for an answer to the letter that he brought. He says that all Dublin is in an uproar, in expectation of your arrival there.

SIR GLORY. I'll go out and speak to him. [*They all go out.*]

SCENE III.—*Committee-Room of the New Association, all the five Counsellors at the table as before: Docket entering.*

BIG O. Well, Docket, are the witnesses all in attendance?

DOCKET. All, Sir, except *Bott Smith*, Esq. of Liverpool, and he is expected by the packet, which will be in immediately.

PAT. Do you mean to take the whole of the evidence of each witness at once; or, to examine each of them as to one charge first, and then again as to another charge, and so on?

BRICK. By the Hookey, they do not speak to what you call the charges at all!

PAT. No!

BIG O. No.

PAT. Why, then, they are not for the defence.

BRICK. Not at all, man.

PAT. What are they here for, then?

BRICK. Why, to prove my charges against Cobbett.

DOCKET. Yes, Sir, we are the plaintiffs, it seems, which I did not know, till I came to talk with the witnesses last night.

BIG O. Indeed! (*Aside.*) What a "comical" old fool you must be!

PAT. But, do you mean to produce *nothing in defence*?

BRICK. No, nothing more than I have already urged.

PAT. Urged! But, not call Lord Killeen? Not call Mr. Shiel? Not call any one to disprove any one fact?

BIG O. No, I shall laugh at all of them, when I have *leisure*; and, in the meanwhile, we will have all the charges against Cobbett, "*paunch*" and all.

PAT. And so, if you prove him to have a *paunch*, for instance, that is to help to acquit you.

BRICK. Yes, by the hod, is it.

PAT. So, then, you expect an acquittal on the ground, that the indictment was drawn up by -----

HOWI. Yes, to be sure, we do.

BLUND. On what other ground did you expect an acquittal?

BIG O. Come, then, *Brick*, let us have the charges.

BRICK. Here, *Docket*, you read them.

Docket. But, Sir, will it not be better to have the witnesses in now, and hear from them, as we proceed, how far their testimony goes in establishing each charge respectively?

Brick. O yes; call them in. (*Docket goes to the door.*)

Enter Anna Brodie, Squire Black-Ball, and Thwaites, who all sit at a little distance from the table, Anna as far from Thwaites as she can get.

Docket. (*reading.*)

"List of charges to be made, at a select court at Cork, by Mr. 'Counsellor' Brick, against the 'Comical Miscreant.'"

All Witnesses and Big O. Hear, hear, hear, hear!

FIRST CHARGE.—That he has attacked the English newspaper press in a most outrageous manner, calling it a base thing, and the like.

All the witnesses. Yes, me, me, me!

Pat. But his attacks have always been accompanied by reasons, which, of course, you mean to notice, Mr. "Counsellor?"

Brick. Oh, no! by the Hill o' Hoath!

Anna and Thwaites. No reasons, no reasons. He has attacked the "respectable part....."

Enter Servant.

Servant. (*To Docket.*) A Mr. Smith, Sir.

Big O. Who's he? What does he want? What sort of a looking man is he?

Servant. Man, Sir? I am not sure that 'tis a man. It dropped down upon the landing place from under the big coat of an old gentleman with a very broad-brimmed hat on.

Brick. (*Aside to Big O.*) It's Bott? By the Hookey, it's Bott! (*Loud to the Servant*)—Show the gentleman in.

(*Enter Bott Smith, wriggling along. Big O and Brick run to him, each seizing a hand and shaking it.*)

Big O and Brick. Just in time! Just in time; for we were arraigning the "miscreant" for his attacks on the English press, and for.....

Bott. Aye, and for calling me nick names, only because I told what was in his "private letter to a quondam friend of his in America" about that felonious project the Purr-Our, that that great softener of the criminal code, Sir James Mackintosh, wanted a law to punish him for, and that would, surely, have put the vulgar herd above us genteel and respectable people. And then, ye knows, he told me "to publish the letter"; and that I could not do, ye knows, "without breach of confidence"; and then, he abused my "Mercury," that Cousin John and I, and our concentric, fills with such pretty puns and other such witty things, that makes all the genteel folks of Liverpool, and all the Cotton Lords and Cotton Ladies laugh so you cannot think; and.....

Pat. Well, that will do for the present; for our time is....

Bott. Do! Why I has n't half done, mun; and I....

Blund. (*Aside.*) I wish you had.

Bott.I answered un; I tickled un; and our Unitarian minister put into my Mercury such funny letters about his "PROTESTANT REFORMATION"; and..

Big O. (*Aside to Brick.*) Can't you stop him there?

Bott. And our minister did so laugh at....

Brick. We want, Mr. Smith, to hear of his attacks on you, and not, just now, of yours on him.

Bott. Why, that's just it; his attacks on our ONE GOD CHURCH; and Cousin John and I and our Minister did, as I was going to say, so laugh at the Pope and the saints as he calls um, and we had such fun with the Virgin Mary as he calls her, and then we....

Docket. (*Aside, crossing himself.*) Surely, 'tis the Devil!

[*Here Brick jumps up, and puts his hand to Bott's mouth.*]

Bott. (*Speaking through Brick's fingers.*).....We, in our witty "Mercury," so laughs at what they calls the Trinity; and at three persons in one Go.

Blund. What! You rascal! I'll kick.....

Big O. He's ill, he's ill, intensely ill, and.....

Brick. The sea has had an intense effect on his intellects; and.....

Bott. No, I'm very hearty for all I looks so; and, as I was going to say, Cousin John and I do so laugh about the Hol.....

Brick. He is weak with fatigue, he wants refreshment and repose, and I'll....

Bott. No, I does n't, no, I does n't, and, as I was saying.....

Blund. Whether you want it or not, you shall have it. (*Takes hold of him.*) Confé, come, you shall go out and have some refreshment. (*Bott struggles. Blunderbuss shoves him out at the door.*)

Pat. (*Looking at Big O.*) A hopeful witness!

Big O. Under a "strong delusion," just at this moment, no doubt.

* All these charges are quotations from Brick's speech at Cork.

Howi. (Aside.) But not stronger than yours.

Brick. Well, now get on to the *second Charge*, Docket.

Pat. Wait a minute, if you please, Mr. Docket. The charge (*turning to Brick*) is, that Cobbett has attacked the *English press*, called it *base*, and the like; and, as I understand, you mean to make no account of the *reasons* by which his attacks have always been accompanied.

Brick. Just so.

Pat. Well, then, if this be a *crime* in Cobbett, what was it in *Big O*, who, in the late Association, in the hearing of us all, called, a score of times over, this very same press, "THE BASEST THING ON THE WHOLE EARTH"?

Brick. That's nothing, that's nothing!

All the Witnesses. No, no! That's nothing! No "*creating dissension*"!

Big O. I protest, upon my sacred and intense honour, that I never said.....

Brick. Oh, no! 'Twas the *reporters*, and *Big O* "never reads reports of his speeches." Besides, a "*momentary delusion*," a

Anna. Ah, poor gentleman! (*Aside to Bl.-Ball.*) Don't you think he looks queerly now.

Bl.-Ball. (*Aside to Anna.*) Rather bothered, or so!

Enter Docket's Clerk.

Clerk. (To Docket.) There's Bott Smith, Sir, below, blaspheming at such a rate, the housekeeper's frightened half to death, and the men-servants swear that they'll shillalah him to death.

Big O. Pray go, Docket, and get him to bed, if possible.

Docket. I beg to be excu..... (*A great outcry on the stairs, Bott screeching, Murder, murder.*)

Blund. By — I'll go and settle the blade in a jeffey. (*Goes out with a stick in his hand.*)

Brick. Now, then, this unhappy interruption being at an end, get on to the *second Charge*, Docket.

Docket. (Reading.)

SECOND CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" has recommended to the *Irish People* to choose for their advocates, *Mr. Wetherell*, *Sir Thomas Lethbridge*, and *Mr. Bright*.

Pat. (To the Witnesses.) Can either of you speak to this?

All the Witnesses. Yes; what is it?

Pat. (To Brick.) Have you any *written document* to produce?

Big O. What signifies that?

Brick. I shall say it, at any rate.

Docket. (Reading.)

THIRD CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" applauded "*Old Bankes*" for saying, that the only cure for Ireland was to put her *twenty hours under water*.

Thwaites and Anna. (Aside.) That's a lie, at any rate; for, it was *Sir Joseph Yorke*, and not *Mr. Bankes* that said it.

Pat. What (*to Brick*) is the nature of your proof, as to this charge? Is it parole, or written?

Brick. (Looking furiously at him, opening his head like a snap-turtle.) My word. Is not that enough?

Bl.-Ball. Oh! but I'll swear it; and so wool you too (*turning to Anna and Thwaites*), woon't ye? (*They are silent.*) Ah, then, you doon't care a souse for the cause.

Docket. (Reading.)

FOURTH CHARGE. That the said inconsistent "Miscreant" has, at different times, attacked those whom he had formerly praised to the skies.

Bl. Ball. Ah! d—n un, did n't un want to ruin a poor feller that he had praised before, unny because the poor feller wanted to rob un ov a little munny?

Pat. But, if it be a *crime* in Cobbett to attack those whom he has *once* praised merely to the skies, how do make out a justification for my friend, there (*looking at Big O*), who soared *far above the skies* in praises of Cobbett, and who now calls that same Cobbett a "*miscreant*"?

Brick. (Clenching his fists and shaking them at Patrick.) By the hod o' me fadder, I'll

Pat. The only difference that I can perceive between the two, is, that Cobbett changes his praise into censure, on account of an *abandonment of principle* in the party; and that *Big O* changes his praise into censure, on account of an *adherence to principle* in the party.

Brick. Well, I'll say it, at any rate.

Big O. And I will laugh at the "*comical miscreant*."

Docket. (Reading.)

FIFTH CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" has insulted the struggles of the brave people of *South America*.

Blund. Upon my soul, Brick, I only remember his saying, that he did not think it for the good of a people to have their *Catholic churches robbed, and to have their country and themselves mortgaged, by patriots.*

Bl. Ball. And is not that enough? Didn't un insult all us *patriots*, when a zed that? What more do you want, you Hierish, pad

Blund. I beg you'll not call me a

Bl. Ball. You may kiss my

Blund. May I? (*going at him; is stopped by Big O.*)

Big O. (*To Blunderbuss.*) My dear fellow, check your intensity; for, the 'Squire 's a particular friend of mine.

Pat. (*Aside.*) Good God! But, "misery brings us acquainted with "strange bed-fellows."

SIXTH CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" has praised the Government of Ferdinand, King of Spain.

Howitzer. Now, I must speak; for, as to this, as you all know, I have always agreed with Cobbett. He said, he still says, and so I said and I say still, that the Cortes of Spain were mortgaging the convents and all the church property of Spain to the Jews and jobbers of London, and that, if they had not been put down, they would have reduced the people of Spain to the condition that Harry VIII, "*Good Queen Bess*," James I., Cromwell, and the Whigs, have finally reduced the people of Ireland; while all manner of mongrel sects would have covered the land, as the lice once covered the land of Egypt. So that, when we come to a vote, I shall be for expunging this charge.

Blund. And so shall I; and the *Fifth* charge too; for, really, I am for none of your church-robbers and national mortgagers.

Brick. (*Aside to Big O.*) Do you hear that?

Docket (*Reading.*)

SEVENTH CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" has *libelled* the government of his own country.

Howitzer. What, *Big O!* What! do you really mean, that Brick shall condemn Cobbett as a "*Miscreant*," for *speaking censoriously* of that government, which upholds the Protestant Church, which makes us pay tithes and church-rates, which passed and which keeps in force the sun-set and sun-rise bill, which *prosecuted you* last winter, which has *crushed your own Association*, and which you yourself called (only on the 26th of February last) a **WORSE THAN ALGERINE GOVERNMENT!**

Brick. Well; I don't care: I'll say it.

Blund. You mean to turn *Protestant*, then, I hope?

Pat. If you don't care, *we* ought to care.

Bl. Ball. "*We!*" who's we? What! Have you got pigs in your belly? yaw, aw, aw, haw!

Blund. (*Showing a cane to Bl. Ball.*) Take care, 'Squire; or.

Bl. Ball. (*Seeing the cane.*) I doont meaun to offend nobody.

Blund. Silence, then.

Docket. (*Reading.*)

EIGHTH CHARGE.—That the said "Miscreant" "*attacks every man that has the ability or the inclination to save us* [hear, hear!]. The venerable "*Fitzwilliam, the virtuous Burdett, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford, Lord John Russell, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Hobhouse; and Mr. Brougham, yes, why should I forget that splendid* advocate of your rights, or his *Learned Friend, Mr. Denman, who is an ornament to the integrity of the English Bar—all these men are denounced by Cobbett, and they are all revered by the people of Ireland.*" *

Pat. Indeed! I was not aware, that the people of Ireland had even ever heard of all this goonly group, much less that they *revered* them all; though, it must be confessed, that they are a very revering people.

Big O. No! not aware of it?

Pat. Why, now, there's Mr. *Scarlett*, for instance, and *integrity Denman*, what reason can we have for *revering* them?

Brick. What! Why, there is not a man on the entire earth that the people here so intensely admire as Mr. *Scarlett*, and that.

Big O. You forget Brick: you forget; you.

Brick. I mean to except YOU, of course; for, on the entire globe.

Pat. Well, let that go, and.

Big O. Why "let that go?" Why not let him finish the sentence, when he was going to. *Enter Clerk.*

Clerk. (*Aside to Docket.*) Cobbett is just landed!

Docket. (*Aside to Clerk.*) Hush! Go away. Say nothing, or we shall all be in confusion before we finish this long charge. [Exit Clerk.]

* Word for word from *Brick's Speech* at Cork.

Pat. Really, upon looking attentively at this charge, I think, that it is wholly an *English* concern. I cannot see what *we* have to do with it. But, after all, what is it you mean by the word *attack*. Is it to *attack* a man, if you express disapprobation of his conduct? When we even *reprove* our servants or our children, are we said to *attack* them? Really, it would seem, that we are now to observe, with regard to men's public conduct, that same sort of mock-delicacy (grounded in *real grossness*), which has banished the words *breeches* and *belly* from what is called well-educated company.

Anna. O, fie! *Mr. Patrick!* Nobody says *belly* now but Cobbett. I says "*paunch*" in my broad sheet: I talks of old Cobbett's "*nasty paunch*"; I'm too genteel to say *belly*.

Blund. And pray, my dear lady, what may be your particular objection to a *paunch*?

Anna. Oh! I knows what I knows about the inconvenience of *paunches*.

Howit. Indeed! Pray enlighten us upon that interesting subject, "notwithstanding your coverture."

[*Here a servant enters, whispers Brick, who goes out with servant.*]

Anna. (*Smiling.*) To a bachelor, like you, Sir, it would not

Pat. (*interrupting her*) To go on with the Charge; let us see what this *attacking* amounts to. Now, Lord Fitzwilliam may be a "*venerable*" man, but, when a venerable man had been one of those who advised the cashiering of the Duke of Norfolk from his Lord Lieutenantcy of Yorkshire, on account of the Duke's politics, was he not, when he *complained* of having been cashiered from the very *same* Lieutenantcy (in which he had succeeded the Duke), to be *laughed at* by Cobbett? As to Lord John Russell, is it to *attack* him to say, that he is not a Lycurgus, and that he has written a silly play? Is it to *attack* the Duke of Bedford to trace his principal estate, his Abbeys and Priories, back to those holy possessors who fed the poor and the stranger from their revenues? Was it to *attack* the Duke of Devonshire to say, merely, that, in 1817, the English newspapers said, that "*his grace* had ordered all radicals, and even the *relations* of radicals, to be *turned out of his farms*;" and was it, the other day, when the newspapers told us, that a great estate of this Duke had been brought to the hammer; was it to *attack* him to say, that, this would save "*his grace*" the trouble, as far as this estate went, of ordering radicals and *their relations* to be ejected from it? Was it to *attack* Mr. Scarlett to repeat what the broad-sheet said about the "*salt tears*" shed for "*the virtuous Burdett*"; or, was it to *attack* him to oppose, expose, and cause to be laughed out of the house, his most ridiculous poor-law project, a mere piece of ape-like mimicry of Malthus's barbarous and almost obscene trash? Was it to *attack* Mr. Abercrombie to laugh at the Scotch quarrel about the news-paper duel? Was it to *attack* Messrs. Brougham and Denman to *show them up*, merely to show them up, in the affair of the *Protocols*, and to laugh (*with the whole world*) at solemn Denman's solemnly talking about their having "*kept together in their chivalry*"? Was it to *attack* Mr. Hobhouse to say, that, while he was "*a gentleman opposite*," he was daily dipping in the same dish with his father, who had been for more than twenty years, and still was, a fat placeman? And, was it to *attack* Mr. PLUNKETT, to call him "*the sincere*," the very worst epithet that Cobbett ever applied to him, and that was taught him by Big O himself? Lastly, was it to *attack* "*the virtuous Burdett*," to say, only what the newspapers said, about a *Lady and a child*. . . .

[*Brick enters and whispers Big O.*]

Anna. Yes, there was *that*, to be sure, and here's my broad sheet of the. . . .

Big O. It is time to adjourn, (*Looking at his watch*). We meet again to-morrow at eight in the morning, for the three heavy charges remain; namely, *betraying friends, abandoning causes, and cheating poor virtuous Burdett*.

All go out but Brick and Big O.

Big O. Come, do you say? Actually arrived in Dublin? And Sir Glory *not* coming? What shall we do? He must not *come here*, mind that.

Brick. Oh, no! I'll take care of that. His dress and figure, the red handkerchief round his neck, his farmer-like coat, the dress of his Hampshire servant, and their clumsy horses, all make them easily recognized; and I'll. . . .

Big O. But where is he?

Brick. He's gone to the sign of the *Patent*.

Big O. That's lucky.

Brick. And I'll go, shut every other house against him, "*as a roguish old fellow*," I'll get him ejected from the *Patent*, and, when once I have him in the street, and in the dark. . . . I have some trusty Orangemen. . . . (*clock strikes*) . . . but, I must be off. (*Exit Brick.*)

Big O. (*Alone.*) Ah! Big O! and are you come to this, at last? Not, at last; for the last is not yet come! What! "*Trusty Orangemen*," did he say? What! the man whom I applauded to the third heaven; the man to whose house

I hastened as to that of the "best friend of Ireland;" the man whom I shook so cordially by the hand; the man to whom I begged (through this very reptile, *Brick*) "to have the honour to be introduced," and that, too, years and years after the date of all these charges..... but,..... no, it must not be..... [Exit.]

ACT III. — SCENE I.

(A sitting room at the Patent. Cobbett and his man Robert, talking.)

Robert. Not one of them, Sir.

Cobbett. What, neither bed nor supper nor room to sit in?

Robert. Room, Sir! Why, they would hardly let me stand in the passage; and, when I told them that you were a gentleman, come over to ride about the country, they said such things that made me almost ready to knock them down.

Cobbett. Ah! What did they say, Robert?

Robert. Why, Sir, that you were an "old roguish fellow," come over to plunder them of the *forty shillingses*, as they call their money, and that Mr. "Counsellor" *Brick* was going to have you taken up, and that he had cautioned them against letting us into their houses; and I think I saw that "Counsellor" here, in the yard, just now, pointing me out.

Cobbett. How should you know him, Robert?

Robert. Why, Sir, was not that big, rough-headed, round-shouldered man he, that dined at Kensington along with all those gentlemen, last winter?

Cobbett. He was there, certainly.

Robert. Yes, Sir, and I mind now, that Charles and the maids told us, that he clenched his fists at some of the gentlemen, and that they knew his name was *Brick*, because one gentleman said, "for shame *Brick*; for shame *Brick*." And little Betty said, that she wondered that master would let such a blackguard sit at his table.

Cobbett. Well, Robert, I see exactly how things are. Go you, and see the horses well fed with oats, see them eat the oats, and then come back to me, and leave them for the night?

Robert. But, I must go again to rack them up?

Cobbett. Come back here; for, you and I must sleep upon this floor to-night.

[Exit Robert.]

Cobbett. (Alone, taking out a paper.) Well, now let me look at these charges again, which the honest and brave and really patriotic and sensible *Ronayne* has contrived to get forme from the attorney. Ireland has produced one true man, at any rate: Oh! aye, and many true men; though this scavenger to *Big O* charges me with "never having had a friend that I did not betray." There was my friend, *Finnerty*, whom I (when he had been shunned by all the base reptiles of that press of which he was almost the only ornament) followed to his grave; there is my friend, *Walker*, with whose name lives every sentiment of gratitude in my breast, and which name is with me synonymous with honour and fidelity; there are many, many Irishmen; but, as it so happened, there was an Irishman, sitting, at Kensington, at the foot of that very table which this brazen ruffian so disgraced, and that Irishman has been my unshaken friend for more than forty years. However, I'll see to-morrow that slave *Brick*, who fawningly told me at Kensington, "*Burdett talks of giving us a dinner, but you, Sir, give us one.*"

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. (Looking insolently.) Did you ring?

Cobbett. No; but, you may bring candles, for, I want to write a....

Waiter. We have got no candles.

[Exit.]

Cobbett. But, you sh'ant get me out of the....

(Enter Robert, nearly in the dark.)

Robert. The horses are well crammed, Sir, at any rate; but, the ostler says, there's no hay and no litter, but what's bespoke, and I am afraid they'll turn the horses out of doors.

Cobbett. Never mind that, Robert. We shall have enough to do to take care of ourselves, my lad; and, now....

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. This room is wanted for company.

Cobbett. You have another for us, then?

Waiter. No; we have no other.

Cobbett. Then the company must join us.

Waiter. They are ladies.

Cobbett. So much the more agreeable; but, I hope they are none of the ladies that "smile upon" the Dublin rough-headed ruffian.

Waiter. Be they what they may, you must go out of this, and so co....

Robert. (Coming up) Keep your hands off, or.....

Cobbett. Take out the pistols, Robert. (Exit waiter, a hubbub in the passage.)

Robert. Here they are, Sir.

Cobbett. Very well. And, now, Robert, lock the door, lay down that heavy table against it, shut and bar the windows, pile up the chairs and tables against the door and shutters, take your saddle bags for a pillow, and I take mine for one, give me my pistols and take you yours, and on this floor we'll sleep in spite of the devil and all his imps.

Robert. (*Having shut the windows*) But how are we to see, Sir.

Cobbett. Eyes are of no use when one is asleep, Robert. (*Lies down.*)

Robert. These boards are a devilish hard bed.

Cobbett. As Rousseau beautifully says: il n'y a pas de lit pour celui qui dort.

Robert. What did you say, Sir?

Cobbett. Why, I said, Robert, that a man that's asleep knows nothing about beds. (*Noise at the door.*)

Robert. But, they don't seem as if they'd let us get to sleep.

Orangemen. Open the door.

Cobbett. What for?

Orangemen. We want to "canonize you," agreeably to the words of Big O.

Cobbett. If you break open the door, you'll be pistolized; I can tell you that.

Orangemen. (*a cry of fire*) The house is on fire; you'll be bury'd to death.

Cobbett. I say with your countryman in Joe Miller: I'm only a lodger.

Orangemen. The old fox is too cunning to break cover. (*All becomes still.*)

SCENE. II.—*The Committee Room. All the Counsellors as before. Docket, and all the witnesses, including Bott Smith.*

Docket. (*To Patrick.*) You left off, Sir, on the subject of "the virtuous Burdett;" and, if you recollect, that lady said, in support of the charge, that there was a something about a lady and a child.

Brick. But, what has this to do with my charge?

Pat. A great deal to do with it.

Anna. I know nothing but what was in the public newspapers; and that was this: that, in 1812, Burdett sued a gentleman in the Scotch Courts for five thousand pounds, which he had lodged in the hands of the latter, and which the latter had refused to pay him back; that the gentleman alleged, in his answer to the complaint, that the five thousand pounds had been lodged with him on account of a child of a married lady then alive; that that child was still alive; and that, therefore, he ought not, as yet, at any rate, to give up the money.

Blund. What! do mean to say, that Burdett actually sued the gentleman for the money, and thus brought the mother, the married mother, the miserable mother, out before the whole world?

Anna. So it appeared in the newspapers; and I never saw it contradicted.

Howe. And, for no reason but to get back the money!

Anna. None that I ever heard of.

Brick. 'Sblood, man, what better reason would you have?

Blund. Well then, (*laughing,*) having here proof of two virtues, that is to say, generosity, and another of a not less cardinal kind, we may, I think, seeing that Cobbett has really attacked this "virtuous" person, look upon this charge of our friend, Brick, as completely made out.

Docket. (*Reading.*)

NINTH CHARGE. That the said "Miscreant" never advocated a cause that he did not abandon; for instance, the cause of *Reform*, which Burdett and Big O stick to by proposing the 40s. project; the cause of the *Catholics*, which Big O and Burdett stick to by proposing to make the priests officers of the protestant government; the cause of *Gold against Paper-money*; all which this "Miscreant" has notoriously abandoned.

Bott Smith. I'll swear it, and that he's "hired by the government."

Bl-bell. And so will I.

Thwaites. And I, and that he is an old fool, and that nobody reads what he writes, and, that it is not worth reading, and that he is turned gardener, because his politics bring him in nothing.

Pat. Now, Mr. Thwaites, I have been informed, (and you can tell me whether correctly,) that, some time ago, when Mr. Cobbett commenced a prosecution against you for purloining from his works, you said, that you published from them out of admiration of them; that he was the best writer that ever wrote; and that you would give any money to have his pen in your paper, without his name, as the name might excite prejudice in some of your readers. I wait for a reply.

[*Thwaites is silent.*]

Brick. What does that signify. You'll publish my most villainous abuse of him; won't you, my little fellow (*patting him on the head*).

Thwaites. Oh, yes; I'll give them seven columns of it at least; for my stupid Stock-jobbing readers likes to have Cobbett "cut up."

Anna. And mine too, and I'll work his "paunch."

Bott Smith. And my Cotton-Lords and Ladies and sleek Quakers; and Cousin John and I will scratch his eyes out.

Docket. (Reading.)

TENTH CHARGE.—That the "Miscreant" never had a friend that he did betray.

Bl. Ball. Never! Never! Thousands of thousands of proofs on 't.

Pat. We do not want so many thousands. A few hundreds will suffice.

Bl. Ball. Why there's me, now. Wasn't I upon the very pinnercal o' popularity, and didn't un, all at once, hold his tongue about me, and didn't I fall down, like

Pat. But, this is not betraying. You were, if I understand you rightly, upon the pinnacle of popularity, and he held his tongue about you; but, to betray, there must be an overt act.

Brick. Oh! no! A man may commit treason while he is asleep.

Bl. Ball. Aye, to be sure he may; and, as I was zayen, he held his tongue, and down I came, zouse, like a pheasant shot from the limb of a tree by a poacher.

Blund. Or, rather (there being no pulling-down act on the part of the betrayer), like a porpoise, lifted up on a rock by the treacherous waves, and then left there gasping for the gulls and mother-Carey's chickens to chatter and mock at.

Howi. Or, like an apple-stealer, who, unable to climb, is first lifted into the tree by a treacherous companion, and then left there to be laughed at by all the boys in the parish.

Blund. Or, apter still, like a public character, who has been placed on the "pinnercal" of the new-drop, has, all of a sudden, and, perhaps, in the midst of his harangue, the platform knocked from under him.

Bl. Ball. Eh! what! you doon't mean to insult.....

Brick. Oh, no! my dear 'Squire. Your's is a "strong case," indeed; and, if we are but united; if there's no dissension; if every one do his best, if you stick boldly to him, we shall for ever demolish the "Miscreant."

Bott. I and Cousin John will salivate him with our mercury.

Anna. I'll firk his "paunch" for him.

Thwaites. I'll beat him with my yard.

Bl. Ball. I'll zouse un into my boiler amongst hot soap, lamp-black, and sugar scum; and, when he's cook'd, I sell un out to the poor people at a shillen an ounce, and I'll.....

Enter Servant in a fright.

Servant. (To Docket.) Mr. Cobbett, Sir.

Big. O. Sha'n't come! sha'n't.....!

Bl. Ball. Noa, doon't let un co.....!

Enter Cobbett.

[All the Counsellors and Docket rise. The witnesses scamper off at the back door. Anna falls. Black-Ball treads upon her. She screams, Oh! my paunch, my poor paunch! The servant goes and drags her out.]

Pat. (To Cobbett.) Pray sit down, Sir.

Cobbett. What! Under the same roof; in the same room, with those two men!

(Looking at Big O. and Brick.) Again sit down with them!

Big O and Brick. Are we to be thus insulted in our own.....

Cobbett. I'm not here to insult any body, and especially you, on whom indignation and even contempt are cast away. I am here, gentlemen, (turning to the others), to show my respect for you by explaining to you a matter, which no one can explain but myself. I allude to the matter of money between Burdett and me. That basest of parasites (pointing to Brick), who has, I understand, told you, that he would yet disfranchise his countrymen if he could, is, I hear, to be commissioned by his vain and vindictive master, to accuse me of having borrowed money of the VIRTUOUS Burdett, and then defrauded, and calumniated the GENEROUS lender. Now (turning to Patrick) hear the facts. THAT, in 1812, I being then in prison, at an expense, to me (for leave to live away from felons), of twelve guineas a week; having a family of children, mostly very young; having even then sustained very heavy losses, and being in a state of great pecuniary distress, Burdett, who dined with me two or three times a week, knowing all these things, lent me two thousand pounds on my bond: THAT, however, he did, in fact, give me the money, having often said, that the 2,300*l.* which the twelve guineas a week and the fine amounted to, ought not to be taken from my family: THAT, however, I sent for a bond, filled it up and sent it to him, and that I was induced to do this by what had just then taken place with regard to his process to recover the 5,000*l.* from a gentleman in Scotland: THAT, when I saw him next, he asked why I had sent the bond, said that he did not want it,

told me not to look upon it as a debt, and exclaimed, " God forbid, Cobbett, that I should ever think of the thing again : " THAT I, however, told him, that I should consider it as a debt, that I hoped to be able to pay it in a reasonable time, and that, all I asked was, that he would keep a knowledge of its existence from every body but ourselves, and this he most solemnly promised to do: THAT things stood thus until January 1816, when I, greatly bent by the prison-blow, and still more by the depreciation in the value of all farming property, found, that I must either sell my land, or borrow more money: THAT I now wrote to him from Brook Green, where I then was, stating my situation to him, and, in conclusion, requesting him to *take all my property, pay himself, and let me pay off all my debts*, and begin the world again; or, to lend me what I thought would carry me through: THAT he wrote me for answer, never to think of my debt to him, that he did not want the money, that I should always consider his debt " *as the last to be paid,*" and that, for *my credit's sake*, he wished, by all means, that I should sell my land: THAT, he now lent me seven hundred pounds more, making the whole debt two thousand seven hundred pounds: THAT, as every body knows, the year 1816 was more fatal to landed property than the years before since 1812: THAT, in March, 1817, I, for reasons long known to all the world, went off to America: THAT, in a few days after it was *certain* that I was gone, he put into those infamous newspapers, against the assaults of the whole of which I had been defending him for a dozen years, and under which assaults he must have sunk for ever if it had not been for me; into these infamous newspapers he put, or authorized to be put, when he knew well (for he knew all) that my wife (then ready to be confined) and my female and smaller children, were left without house or home; into those infamous newspapers he put, while the late *Mr. Ponsonby*, whom I had frequently severely attacked, and partly for his, Burdett's sake, generously exclaimed, " What a shame for England that such a man should be driven from her shores " ; into those infamous newspapers he put, when he knew well what a dagger he was planting in the bosom of my wife and daughters, and what a handle he was furnishing to all that was vile, corrupt and sordid in the country; well apprized of all the consequences, remote as well as near, public as well as private, banishing from his mind his thousand professions of friendship and gratitude and my ten thousand proofs of zeal and devotion, he had the more than Jewish hardness of heart to put into those infamous newspapers, that I was " *gone off three thousand pounds in his debt.*" And there he let the story be; there he suffered it to circulate all over the world; there he was, surrounded by his acres, and sitting amidst his bags, giving no explanation, saying nothing about my voluntary and eager offer to pay him the year before; and, tacitly joining in the general howl, that I had not been driven away by the arm of power, but had followed the beacon of fraud; thus doing all that he had the courage to do, to injure public liberty in the person of him whom he had a thousand times called its ablest advocate, and to bring to utter ruin and misery not only myself, but that virtuous family, whom he well knew to be, in all respects, amongst the most exemplary of human kind.—Would you have that, O'Connell!

Pat. Oh, no, no, no!

Cobbett. Disappointed in this his first attempt to blast for ever the man, whose generosity had, more than any other thing, made him, in the public eye, what he was, he waited his opportunity for a *second blow*, and this, having, as he knew it would, a still greater mass of sordidness and hypocrisy to aid it, he thought would secure him against the great subject of his dread, *my return to England*, which dread must, every week, have become stronger and stronger. In 1818, I wrote a circular letter to my creditors, stating certain *abstract principles*, and asserting, that, in a case like mine, the case, in fact, of a total deprivation of the benefit of those laws of which my creditors had the benefit, a man would be fully justified in looking upon every debt of his as, in equity, cancelled; but, while I stated this, saying most distinctly, that I would not avail myself of any such principle, but that I most anxiously wished to be able to discharge all my debts to the last farthing; and, writing a particular letter to him, saying, that, in his case, I should even waive the abstract principle. Now, look at him, chuckling with delight at the prospect of raising an outcry that should, at once, destroy me abroad and make me afraid to come home. See him brooding over these papers, which, when he thought of former times, might have softened the heart of a Shylock. Those Registers that had come over from Long Island, containing, as they did, principles the most important and proofs of devotion to country, never surpassed; those Registers, while they gladdened the hearts of my friends, and extorted admiration even from my enemies; while, from every other tongue was heard the exclamation of " what a wonderful man," sulky silence sealed his lips, and sordid vindictiveness scowled on his brow. See him hatching what he called an *answer* to my private letters; see him placing at Brooks's in the Strand this crafty string of allusions to statements never made and princi-

ples never broached; see his servile creatures at work like reporters conveying the black falsehood from ear to ear, and see him eager to learn, that every channel was so completely pre-occupied, that it was next to physically impossible that my name should ever be washed of the stain. See him contemplating, and exulting in the expected effect of, his wiles. See him thus, while truth and liberty and justice and humanity were struggling for precedence on his lips, resorting to every means that truth and freedom and equity and common feeling abhor, in order to make an outcast for life of a man, to whom he owed more than to all other human beings put together; whom he had many times assured that he liked more than any other man; whom he knew to have expended hundreds and hundreds of pounds merely to uphold him; who had subscribed his money to circulate *as his*, that which *he himself had written*; at whose table he had sitten a hundred times, calling it the happiest he had ever beheld; aye, coolly plotting to make an outcast-for life of this man, and of all his beloved and justly beloved family, and that, too, by the means of those infamous newspapers, which he had ten thousand times execrated in the presence of this very man. Would you have done that O'Connell?

Pat. Oh! no, no, Cobbett! Ireland never produced a man to do that!

Cobbett. YES; for there sits that parasite of parasites, who, taking it for granted, that the "*virtuous and generous* Burdett" is not paid even by a statute of bankruptcy against his *sinful* debtor, against whom he *proved no debt* because he had not, even with all the vile newspapers for him, the courage to refuse that certificate, which was not detained from me a single hour; there sits that worse than shoe-black of the law, ready to go to Cork to utter against me that, which, perhaps, is already in type; but (*turning to Brick*), before you venture to vomit out your dirty mess of venom, even to the packed assemblage of silly, envious, and half-apostatizing creatures at Cork, do just tell even this despicable crew how you (seeing that the grounds of all the charges existed, if at all, seven years ago); how you, came in 1823 to come creeping to me at Norwich for a copy of the county petition; how you came, the same year, to make a cringing visit to my house at Kensington, that was never returned; how you came, without my ever having spoken to you in my life, to go twice to Fleet Street to solicit the honour of introducing to me that very Mr. O'Connell; how came you to go to my house, last winter, time after time, and, as you said, to pay your respects to me and ask my advice, I never, in the whole course of my life (nor any one belonging to me) having entered any cellar, garret, or hole of your inhabiting. Go, thou despicable thing; go, tell the group at Cork; tell them to begin with, that you have been, for years, the basest of hypocrites, or, that you are now the basest of liars. Go: pack up thy charges, thou miserable huckster of senseless noise: go, thou "new-dropp'd ball of dung," but not from tail of horse (*Brick looks towards the door*); go, thou foul discharge from the flatulent bowels of cormorant vanity; go thou..... (*Exit Brick.*)

All dirty work a base Reporter knows,
"And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

Curtain Drops.

N. B. An Edition of this Comedy will be published on *Tuesday next*, price 6d., at No. 183, Fleet-Street.

END OF VOL. LV.

